THE CASE AGAINST FOUNDATIONS
THE LOBOTOMY OF PUBLISHING

The Washington Monthly

JULY 1971/ONE DOLLAR

The Era of the Blue Machine Laos: 1969–

"In our lives we didn't know which day we would be troubled or which day we would die. Every day, we just stayed in the holes in the forest, without seeing the sunlight."

—the artist, a 32-year-old Laotian

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Inside America's Courts

Although the democratic process theoretically exists in America, in practice, accident victims are often left high and dry by insurance companies, estates are wiped out by legal costs, homes are lost to fraudulent merchants, impossible bails are set, the poor are fleeced, judges accept "plea bargains" from possibly innocent people, and crammed court calendars leave people in jail for months or more awaiting proof of guilt—and yet all of this is perfectly legal. Why this disparity between rights and reality—between our concept of justice and its application? Young, award-winning journalist Leonard Downie, Jr., attacks these questions with a crusader's zeal and a scholar's reverence for fact. He traveled thousands of miles documenting the experiences of defendants, judges, lawyers, and victims—and his answers, while shocking, open new doors for urgently needed reform. Despite constitutional *intent*, the law as practiced heavily favors the "haves" against the "have nots." But the "have nots," through sheer number and their constitutional rights, can rebalance the scales of American justice.

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JUSTICE DENIED
The Case for Reform of the Courts

Leonard Downie, Jr.

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Letters

Monopoly

We note with interest the parody on our real estate trading game, for which our registered trademark MONOPOLY and the distinctive features of our copyrighted game were largely appropriated, used as the title for an article by Charles E. Mueller in the April issue of your magazine.

The trademark MONOPOLY and the copyrighted game equipment sold under this trademark without doubt constitute the most valuable property in the game field and must be guarded with corresponding care. Permission for their use therefore is granted only rarely, and only under such circumstances that our exclusive rights will not be impaired. In this connection, your unauthorized use of our trademark and copyrighted game, and the total absence of any acknowledgement of our trademark rights and copyright, is believed particularly unfortunate because of the subject matter of the article and the consequent frequent reference to the word "monopoly" in its ordinary descriptive meaning. The use of our trademark MONOPOLY and of the parody on our game board as a title for such an article has a tendency to detract from and dilute the trademark significance of MONOPOLY identifying Parker Brothers' real estate trading game exclusively and to cause damage to our company's rights.

RANDOLPH P. BARTON
Salem, Mass.

Mr. Barton is executive vice president, Parker Brothers Division, General Mills Fun Group, Inc.

The editor replies:

Our use of the parody on the MONOPOLY game board was without intention to infringe the rights of Parker Brothers in its registered trademark MONOPOLY and copyrighted real estate trading game.

The Dairy Lobby

In the May issue, Mr. Frank Wright errs in his article "The Dairy Lobby Buys the Cream of Congress." For in his article, Mr. Wright identifies Republican Congressman Page Belcher as a representative from Texas. It is with reluctance that I must point out that Mr. Belcher represents the First Congressional District of Oklahoma. Nonetheless, Mr. Wright has written a splendid article, noting the slight discrepancy in the voting records of some of our more ardent watchdogs of defense spending. It reminds one of the old song: "This door swings both ways. . . ."

DAVID V. TOOMEY
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Mayor Daley

I have read at least ten reviews of the Royko book, and I can say without hesitation that Anthony Podesta's ["The Votes Beneath the Ridicule," June] is the best that I have read.

DAN ROSTENKOWSKI
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Rostenkowski is a member of the U. S. House of Representatives from Illinois.

Kennedy Center

Thank you for the excellent article on the Kennedy Center ["The Kennedy Center: Brand Name Culture in Another Rayburn Building," June]. I congratulate Barbara Raskin and Helen Goldberg for their superb job.

WOLF VON ECKARDT
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Von Eckardt writes on architecture and city planning for The Washington Post.

Memo of the Month

I have recently been receiving your magazine which I find most informative and accurate. However there is one feature that has me confused. Is "Memo of the Month" a figment of someone's imagination or are they authentic pieces of bureaucratese? I hope that you will help clear up this problem. Keep up the good work.

PAULINE LEWIS
Southfield, Michigan

The editor replies:

The memos are real.

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The Case Against Foundations

by Taylor Branch

One need not be a Marxist, or even a Democrat, to deduce that foundations are unlikely to be restless with the world. After all, they are essentially aggregations of wealth, controlled by the aggregators and their chosen successors. The boards of trustees represent an exceedingly thin and contented slice of the American social stratum. These people decide directly what is to be done with the money—or in the larger foundations, they do so through a bureaucracy of professionals, who strive not to offend the trustees. The normal desire of foundation masters is to be appreciated in the most significant way possible, which generally means by the most significant people possible, which in turn means to be associated with people who represent excellence and high acceptability. The Rockefeller Foundation spurned Kenneth Kenniston as a young professor, but scrambled to sign him up as a writing fellow after he wrote *The Uncommitted* and was heralded in *The New York Times*. When the Peterson Commission on Foundations and Private Philanthropy sought to learn what people think of foundations, it conducted a "Survey of Distinguished Citizens" by sending questionnaires to a sampling from *Who's Who* and other cream lists.

The conservatism of wealth is not the only limitation on the social mission of foundations, for the 1969 Tax Reform Act placed tight restric-

Taylor Branch is a managing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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tions on political activity and controversial grants. The great bulk of the nation's 22,000 foundations will hardly feel shackled, but they are smarting under the new four per cent excise tax on their earnings and the new provisions against tax-shelter wheeling and dealing between charities and their benefactors. Humanitarian loopholes were so attractive that private philanthropic assets swelled from $2.5 billion to more than $20 billion in the last two decades. Only the crusaders like the Ford Foundation—whose controversial grants brought on the wrath of Congress—are cowed and restrained by an uncomfortable feeling that any experimentation is being watched. "The good foundations are spooked by the tax law," said Richard Barrett of the JDR III Fund, an offspring of the Rockefeller fortune. "There's a mood not unlike what the networks are under. You can feel it."

Foundations are not new to criticism. In the early part of this century, the Rockefeller and Carnegie funds were attacked by Populists as perpetuators of monopoly wealth. Since World War II, however, the barbs have come primarily from the right. During the McCarthy period, Representative Edward E. "Goober" Cox of Georgia investigated philanthropy in a search for communists and other collectivists. He was spurred on by the conviction of Alger Hiss, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. (The Endowment got the message and recruited John Foster Dulles to head its board of trustees until the State Department beckoned him.) An *American Legion Magazine* task force examined American philanthropy and concluded, with some chastisement, that it was supporting "outright communists, fellow-travelers, socialists, do-gooders, one-worlders, wild-eyed Utopians, and well-meaning dupes."

While the right-wing assault abated somewhat in the 1960s, it was always there—waiting to be activated by things like the Ford voter registration grant to Cleveland's CORE before the election of Mayor Carl Stokes, and Ford's travel grants to eight of Robert Kennedy's staff members. Meanwhile, Representative Wright Patman (D-Tex.) and Senator Albert Gore (D-Tenn.) revived some of the old Populist teachings against unaccountable pools of money in the form of tax dodges for the rich.

None of these criticisms was of great concern to foundations before 1969. The sniping was disparate, extreme right and left, leaving philanthropy in the respectable center. It was also old-fashioned—warmed-over Populism and leftover McCarthyism. Moreover, the critics seemed far removed from the kind of people who exercise power in modern America. They seemed to be refugees from an era of sodbusters, undereducated Southerners, anti-intellectual Know Nothings, and fundamentalists—people too simple to understand the need for large institutions in modern society, people as primitively suspicious of bigness and complexity as Tarzan in New York.

Past Glories

Therefore, charitable people were taken aback when this motley crew assembled the votes to hamstring, regulate, and tax foundations—whose unfettered domestic tax privileges date back to the establishment of the Smithsonian in the 1840s and whose international reputation stems from the early Egyptian Pharoahs. Congress showed no great hesitation to reclaim a portion of the tax breaks given philanthropy, viewing the money as public property. Foundation people still bridle at such a perspective, preferring to see charitable accounts as *their* money and thereby clinging to the property rights claimed by their ancestors or employers—who once promised Congress that they would cure sickness and ignorance if they could be spared the full brunt of progressive taxation.

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But the public's view of the charitable tax exemption has changed since the old days, when most voters considered it an equitable bargain to spare the rich from high taxes in return for their pledge to undertake noble, if soggy, endeavors beyond the purview of government. Now, by contrast, most voters see tax exemptions as a disguised expenditure of public funds, the people's money being rebated to private institutions. There must now be an extraordinary reason for allocating tax money to private philanthropists. At a time when voters are pushing for a voice in all the institutions that affect their lives—even private businesses which earn their keep—it seems strange to take money from the publicly controlled tax coffers and give it to the wealthy for disposal as they see fit. From this point of view emerges recent criticism of foundation boards of trustees, such as Joseph Goulden's skillfully acrid discourse, *The Money Givers*.

Foundation managers have begun to understand that voters will, and probably should, demand something in return for surrendering control over about $1.7 billion of grants each year. There has to be a reason for such abandonment—a foundation service which government cannot or does not perform, a clear realm of excellence beyond the powers or capacities of public institutions. The debate over the Tax Reform Act prompted much thinking about and searching for that unique service which makes philanthropy worthwhile for the citizenry. It was then that some of the more sensitive philanthropists noticed logical weaknesses in their position, and began to develop nagging suspicions that many of the old justifications for their very existence, so long in storage, had gathered dust.

By 1969, one such special foundation role had a touch of staleness about it, namely the pioneering that philanthropy had once done in the fields of health, education, and welfare. Until the Depression, charity was the principal source of relief for the poor. Even through the Depression, foundations were the largest contributors to medical schools and higher education. In the period before the enormous growth of government, foundations were appreciated for venturing into areas that politicians avoided for lack of revenue or because the prevailing political philosophy was too hard-bitten for such tasks. In 1909, the Rockefeller Foundation journeyed to the swampy loam and red dust of the Deep South to cure hookworm in about two years. After World War I, a Carnegie fund sponsored Abraham Flexner's comprehensive study that produced influential recommendations regarding how American health care should be delivered. Rockefeller paid a portion of Dr. Jonas Salk's early campaign against polio. The Guggenheim Foundation enabled Dr. Charles Goddard to begin rocketry research in the 1930s.

These achievements were recited again in 1969, but they had lost much of their emotional impact. Although there were some new glories on the list—such as Rockefeller's role in discovering the miracle grains of the Green Revolution, and foundation support of public television—the overall litany had an air of reminiscence about it. The old causes had become a public responsibility rather than the beneficiaries of tax-exempt compassion. Foundations spend about 30 per cent of their revenue on education, as much as $500 million a year, but this seems paltry compared with federal spending for education. The contribution to medicine is also relatively miniscule, and Dr. Flexner's 50-year-old work on health services moved few congressmen—the majority agreed health services *today* are sorely lacking. And Rep. Patman produced so many examples of luxurious frivolity that the foundations were unconvincing in their concern for the poor.

Hookworm Remembered

This left only one avenue of rationale for the existence of the charitable

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funds: that foundations should be supported as pluralistic sources of independent risk capital for social innovation, as experimenters and probers of the unorthodox and controversial. In a speech before the Chicago Economic Club on May 8, 1969, Yale president Kingman Brewster set forth the pure innovation argument for foundations' tax exemptions:

> Justification rests, I submit, on the great importance of giving each new idea a chance to find a sympathetic sponsor by offering it more than one doorbell to ring. Innovation is the essence of progress. . . .
>
> If all support for university teaching and research were to come from the government —if there were no sources of unprogrammed, non-political funds to bolster the controversial; to encourage the heterodox; to question the inherited assumptions—then progress would be stultified by conformity to the design of some one man or one group or one generation.

Although Brewster's speech was entitled "In Defense of Private Charitable Enterprise," it caused some squirming in foundationland because he attacked every philanthropic homily other than the anti-conformist line above. ". . . I think it is arguable whether the private charitable dollar is spent more efficiently than the comparable government dollar," he declared, dashing one favorite conviction of private institutions. "The ratio of overhead to substantive contribution is often outrageously high in the private foundations." Brewster then assaulted the cherished notion that foundations are more responsive than government to changing times. "In private dispensations. . . there may be a redundance and surplus where social need is least urgent and a drying up of the wells in areas where survival of the society is at stake. . . . Performance in the charitable field depends on the almost fortuitous coincidence between the interests of donors, many long since deceased, and the social priorities of the moment."

Brewster's remarks placed foundations in a difficult position. Their best playing card—the point about foundations as the last pluralistic hope—was precisely what Congress did not want to hear in 1969. In fact, it was such philanthropic non-conformity as Ford's decentralization experiments in New York and voter registration in the South which aroused Congress to demonstrate its preference for tranquility and to protect its monopoly over political controversy. "Regardless of the banners held aloft," writes Joseph Goulden, "Congress' primary concern was *not* tax reform. Congress jumped on foundations because of what anthropologist Robert Ardrey has called 'the territorial imperative.'" The active funds learned that publicly supported controversy and experimentation is an improbable venture because the taxpayer is a conformist and doesn't like his money stirring hornets.

Caught between the evaporation of their old appreciated distinctions and the unpopularity of the "bolster the controversial" argument, the foundations offered some rather humorous testimony in 1969. When pushed by a Populist like Senator Gore regarding the justification for their tax exemption, they would climb high into abstraction with a sanitized version of the Brewster speech. When pushed by a conservative congressman, on the other hand, about this or that scurrilously radical program, foundations recounted the hookworm campaign, the Salk vaccine, and perhaps the support of an educational institution in the congressman's district.

The mixed desire to appear harmlessly tame and shockingly innovative at the same time accounts for a portion of the current nervousness in the halls of philanthropy. And a small minority of foundation officials are pondering the irony of the Tax Reform Act, which prohibited or at least inhibited their undertaking the very kinds of fractious experiments that remain as the excuse for their unreachable tax subsidy. Of course, only about .5 per cent of all foundations (no more than 100 of 22,000) would consider anything like a contro-

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versial grant, even in the absence of a tax reform bill. The vast majority would cling to the Boy Scouts, museums, and the Community Chest through thick and thin. But the extent to which the activist few are cramped by the new law, and by their very nature and origin, is a subject that bears investigation by anyone who feels at all charitable toward (or obligated to) private philanthropy.

Risky at the Margins

The Tax Reform Act unquestionably makes the legal position of an activist foundation more precarious. For one thing, the new law establishes *personal* liability for officers who approve a grant that the Internal Revenue Service later finds a prohibited "taxable expenditure." Foundations are forbidden "to influence legislation through an attempt to affect the opinion of the general public or any segment thereof." They cannot communicate with any government employee, other than by making available the results of "non-partisan analysis, study or research." They cannot make grants "to influence the outcome of any specific public election." Finally, grants to non-exempt organizations are prohibited unless the foundation exercises "expenditure responsibility," by making full and detailed reports to the IRS in order to show that the money is being spent for charitable or educational purposes.

When the IRS detects a violation of any of the vague taboos above, a number of penalties follow. The foundation may receive the death penalty by losing its exemption. If not, a tax of 10 per cent of the forbidden grant is levied against the foundation, while a two-and-a-half per cent tax falls on each employee who "agreed" to the deed. Then, if the foundation does not satisfy the IRS that the illegal grant is corrected within a specified time period, a supplementary 100 per cent tax falls on the foundation, with a new 50 per cent tax on any employee who refuses to agree to the redemptive measures. The maximum liability for any employee is $15,000.

Any philanthropist contemplating a grant in the controversial twilight zone will find ample food for thought in these sanctions. Some people have detected signs in the individual penalties that politicians expect an especially chaste moral standard of charity. "Hell," observed one foundation president, "if we could hold individual corporate or government officials to the same standard of accountability, we would have a radically different society."

Of course, the impact of the law on activist foundations depends largely on how they expect it to be enforced. For this reason, great attention has been paid to the languid process by which the IRS has sputtered forth with its interpretive regulations, now in published, but not finalized, form. "I'm cautious, but generally encouraged," said one foundation tax lawyer who is involved in negotiations with the IRS. "Obviously, you get down to matters of judgment in these things ultimately. There is always going to be some interpretive leeway in phrases like 'attempt to influence legislation.' I mean, what is 'influence,' or 'legislation'? But all the indications that we have so far point to regulations that we can live with. The act is certainly no death warrant for foundations."

Venturesome philanthropists find these interpretations somewhat encouraging, but foggy—the kind of situation in which an adversely motivated IRS Commissioner could cause a great deal of trouble. "What the law has done is to bring tax lawyers into the act in a major way," said one grantmaker. "And what they say is that the law is vague and uncertain, risky at the margins. What they say is that you better go slow and be careful."

One inevitable result of the political restrictions is more protective bureaucracy to watch over grantees and make sure they keep their noses clean. The administrative costs will rise on all grants, but they will jump

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especially high on projects involving new organizations, non-exempt organizations, and individuals—anything for which the law requires "expenditure responsibility" from the foundations. Such projects are the riskiest, most costly kind of philanthropic activity, and most people expect them to be drastically diminished from an already miniscule volume. (Grants to individuals consumed only three per cent of foundation budgets in 1968.)

"It is much harder now to deal with groups that are not in established institutions," agreed Eli Evans of the Carnegie Corporation, who was instrumental in Carnegie's Nader grant. "Those poor groups that are not used to dealing with restrictions, bureaucratic language, the paperwork required for monitoring, and so on, are tough to fund. The new law therefore inhibits the growth of new institutions, which is tragic since that's what foundations should really be building."

Sending the Grants Home

The Tax Reform Act makes several legislative detours to intimidate foundations from political meddling. It singles them out from all other charitable institutions, such as churches, publicly supported charities like the March of Dimes, and community funds. Although foundations spend only eight per cent of the nation's charitable funds each year, their money is highly mobile, with few fixed obligations, turning over rapidly to new and different projects—the kind of money that can be used very powerfully for political experimentation. That is precisely the kind of money that Congress wants to keep out of politics, and the political preoccupation of Congress is further highlighted by the fact that the law takes less notice of many commoner abuses of foundation tax exemptions.

To be sure, there are strict rules against "self-dealing," in which an astute donor used to make money by trading assets back and forth between his company and his foundation—through a bundle of formulas described in Goulden's *Money Givers* (and in articles like "How to Make Money by Giving it Away," which appeared in the American Bar Association's *The Practical Lawyer*, or "Have You Put a Price on Your Business? You May Be Able to Double It—By Selling to Charity," in Prentice-Hall's *Executive Tax Report*). These loopholes are relatively clogged, although knowledgeable people hesitate to underestimate Prentice-Hall. But the new law takes no notice of subtler traffic between those in and out of foundations, such as conflicts of interest. There is no legal stain, for example, in the fact that President Kermit Gordon of the Brookings Institution sits on the Ford Foundation board, which has outstanding grants of $2,081,821 to Brookings. Or that Alexander Heard, Chancellor of Vanderbilt, sits with him, while Ford is giving Vanderbilt $1,154,652. President Vivian Henderson of Clark College, a relative newcomer to the all-male board, is its first and only black, and Clark College enjoys $60,000 in Ford IOUs. If conflicts of interest were stretched to forbid old school ties, Ford would have to revamp its operations. Harvard, which schooled five of the 17 trustees and also gave President Bundy a place to teach for 12 years, is getting $14,657,083 in Ford grants. Yale, alma mater of five, is on the books for $6,827,237. Princeton, which claims only one (Benson Ford), is on the receiving end of outstanding grants worth $3,245,022.

Conflicts of interest are not restricted to the activist foundations. When the Duke Endowment required legal work, for example, the trustees had to look no further than the firm of two fellow trustees, Robert McCormack and Thomas L. Perkins, for counsel worth $46,800 in 1970. Duke—the third largest foundation, with assets of nearly $700 million—exemplifies another oversight of the Tax Reform Act—exorbitant salaries.

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In 1970, Duke's trustees paid themselves $47,461.70 apiece for what was generously described as part-time work. Ford trustees get $5,000. (Old Man Buck Duke pretty well fixed where his money would go in the original charter, so the trustees have little to do in their periodic meetings.) In 1969, the endowment paid out a total of $873,265.50 for 22 trustees and officers.

The tax bill also overlooked the informal philanthropic *quid pro quo*, through which a foundation-owner can extract dignity and homage from prestigious institutions by means of strategically placed grants.

The Irony of Patman

It is not even certain that the tax act will handle future cases like the Frederick W. Richmond episode of 1968. Richmond was running for the Brooklyn congressional seat of Representative John Rooney, scourge of the State Department and protector of the FBI as chairman of an appropriations subcommittee. During the campaign the Richmond Foundation began to scatter money around to diverse ethnic organizations like the Yeshiva Talmudical Academy, the Sacred Heart Day Care Child Center, the Puerto Rican Trade Committee, and the local Urban League. These blessings were presented in person by foundation president Frederick W. Richmond, who took no pains to discourage the notion that he, private citizen, was also running for Congress. Rep. Rooney noticed both the connection and the favorable impressions generated, later warning his House colleagues that they might face the same obstacles unless foundations were driven from politics. The new law will no doubt eliminate some of Richmond's charitable exploits—such as the mass flak sheets announcing each grant, and the well-organized "neighborhood study clubs"—but it will not silence the plucked heartstrings and sighs of gratitude which result from routine, tax-exempt good will by Richmonds, Annenbergs, and Mellons.

The Tax Reform Act does not even contain some of the provisions considered essential by Patman, sponsor of its foundation section. For example, his original bill prohibited foundations from owing more than a three-percent interest in any single company. This was aimed at the extensive manipulation which often occurs when families control businesses through foundations, but the three per cent figure was revised upward to 35-50 per cent after extensive lobbying. This allows more than sufficient holdings for control.

Patman believes that all sorts of inequity result from charity-owned businesses. For one thing, the family in control of the company can pay out low dividends to the foundation because they know that the foundation's stockholders (themselves) will not be displeased. Less agreeable investors would not hold such unproductive assets. This arrangement not only means that charity gets less in dividends, but also that the company is allowed to retain more earnings for business purposes. In effect, charity subsidizes the business. The 1969 hearings were filled with representatives of small businesses complaining that church-owned clothing stores, university-owned laundries, or foundation-owned manufacturers were killing them by riding the cushion of tax-exempt ownership. A 1965 Treasury report disclosed a great many such cushions, including the arrangement between the Houston Endowment (assets of about $200 million) and the Houston *Chronicle*. The report concluded that the endowment's forbearance in accepting low returns on *Chronicle* stock, of which it owned 100 per cent, gave the newspaper a significant competitive edge against the Houston *Post*. Some of these subsidies will be pared down by a requirement that foundations pay out a minimum percentage of their assets to charity, but the families who control businesses through charity will still be able to select the most comfortable

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level of dividend payment.

Although many of Patman's provisions against financial abuse by foundations were watered down, he was in many ways fortunate to make the law as tough as it is. He had labored for seven years in a virtually solo investigation, issuing thousands of pages of documented rascalism by charity, without provoking more than a few peeps of support from his colleagues. Determined to get something through during the brief cry for tax reform, Patman had to soften those financial portions of the bill that were unpleasant for the average philanthropist/campaign contributor—and throw in some political land mines for the few foundations who dared to venture on controversial ground. (His original bill had contained no political restrictions, whatever.) "It's ironic and sad that the one non-rightist fellow who's taken after foundations has had the unintentional effect of making foundations pull in their horns even more," said Philip M. Stern, president of the Stern Fund.

Chicanos and First Class Flights

How far these horns were out before the Tax Reform Act—before the political landed gentry advised philanthropy that it preferred not to be disturbed—is a matter of some speculation. It is difficult to make judgments about the activism of the venturesome foundations because each one presents such a poignant mixture of opposites that are rarely found together. Foundations are wealth without greed, in fact, with countergreed, since most employees sincerely want to give more money away. They are compassion, or pity, without sacrifice or risk. Flitting from program to program, they are concern without permanence. They are crusaders without the stigma of otherworldliness. They are missionaries without more than a vicarious involvement in anything. They are power without more than an inner responsibility to anything. They are status without forgetting their identification with the ignorant poor so unmistakably below. They are the vanguard without forgetting that their salving task is to help the same ignorant poor catch up faster. In short, they have all the pleasures of assured power and money, but are insulated from most of the sense of conquest and the guilt. They have all the feeling and vigilance of a movement, but are insulated from the pain. They are simultaneously free, unlimited, and removed.

Nowhere are these contradictions more apparent than at the Ford Foundation, whose land and offices are carried on the books at $23 million. Instead of choosing between nature and the city, Ford bought both by erecting its modern glass home around an expensively manicured garden near the United Nations. Sexy, unliberated women are as plentiful as the chic recessed telephones, and they both take approved visitors to the professionals. At Ford, by far the most controversial foundation of the last five years, one can listen to discussions about welfare reform, public interest law, black elected officials, Chicano rights, and the alienation of the white working class. One can also hear of internal debates over air travel policy. Employees used to fly first class, period, but now they fly tourist except for overseas flights longer than four hours. ("There were unbelievable things coming out about that decision," recalls one staff member. "People were saying that first class seats were needed for the extra working room and because the tickets were easier to get on short-notice trips—or because you might be traveling with someone who cared about stuff like that.")

Ford employees are good people who generally seem to enjoy their work and have some commitment to it. They are somewhat guarded, but less so than federal civil servants. Honest in a professional way, they are the kind of people who speak constantly of flux and of their flexible quest for a changing relevance, yet

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who never admit mistakes or a loss of control. They are likeable, very capable, and fashionably confused. Each day, they sit in an opulent New York office and make grants with the dividends that Henry Ford's exempt money has earned from the foundation's investments in IBM ($30.5 million), AT&T ($10.8 million), Dow Chemical ($5.4 million), CBS ($2.2 million), Lockheed ($1.5 million), 3M ($5.4 million), American Express ($15.5 million), Litton Industries ($9 million), Boeing Company ($6.7 million), various oil companies ($118.4 million), Ford Motor Company ($1.2 billion), and about 150 other holdings. It is a tribute to Ford employees that they manage to produce relatively imaginative poverty grants from such an environment.

Judgments about the activist foundations are difficult not only because of the ethical cleavages but also because information about their controversial projects is hard to obtain. A few hard-earned episodes, however, may illustrate how they often react to the controversial grants on which the rationale for their existence now depends.

Radical Is Relative

After the Tax Reform Act of 1969, the Ford Foundation sought to demonstrate that it was still in the business of social change by funding the Center for Law and Social Policy, a public interest law firm in Washington. Although the idea of legal representation for the poor and consumers had been pioneered by civil rights groups, the OEO Legal Services program, and a few Nader-inspired projects, it was still a touchy matter for so visible and heavily criticized an organization as Ford. The foundation assembled an advisory committee containing no less than four past presidents of the ABA to bless the grant. Consultations with the Center staff, primarily director Charles Halpern, resulted in a "litigation committee" of prestigious Washington lawyers to approve cases for the Center and to certify their respectability.

"Ford was more concerned about politics than with legal requirements," said one person involved with the "consultations." "We were always within the provisions of the 1969 Act, but the foundation was worried about what the most vindictive congressmen would think. Ford saw to it that the Center insulated itself with as many layers of respectability as possible. That's not only a practical political judgment—making the grant more difficult to attack—but it also makes the foundation people and their trustees more comfortable. They like to see people on the board that they might have had lunch with the week before—people they know are all right."

Ford gave the Center $375,000 in the fall of 1970, after it had been in operation a little more than a year. Ford's precautions, however, indicate the mood in which most of the activist foundations sally forth into controversy.

Even Ford sometimes opts for the greatest grant precaution of all—abstention. In the summer of 1970, it was asked to help fund a political education project which had already received money from the Stern Fund and the JDR III Fund. The project, organized by some former aides of Eugene McCarthy and some Ripon Society Republicans, was adorned with many convincing chestnuts about providing young people with "meaningful ways to participate in political decision-making within the system."

Despite this—and the project's promise to teach *anybody* on campus how to run a press room or raise a crowd—keen foundation minds discerned that the youth education project would probably have a net anti-war, pro-Democrat, anti-Administration impact at the polls. This reality made the grant politically hot and plagued efforts to obtain additional funds from Ford Foundation. Negotiations with Ford officers dragged on for most of the summer. Several sources connected with the

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grant say Ford advised the supplicants that they would do well to guarantee balance with some Reagan supporters among the students. The project coordinators told Ford that they could not ask any of the students about their politics. At one point, the sources say, Ford told them that a project such as theirs would require White House clearance. Ford finally decided to stay away from the youth training program. "It was too hot a potato, with us in a fishbowl after the 1969 act," said one staff source. Howard R. Dressner, secretary and general counsel of the foundation, said that the idea was rejected on "program and policy grounds, not legal ones." He and his assistant, Tom Wright, observed that Ford receives 2,000 proposals for every one that gets funded, and that each one must be looked at according to the balance between "payoff and trouble."

Foundations think the payoff is worth trouble only in rare cases. For instance, the Stern Fund, a small activist foundation with $6-7 million in assets, is now making preparations for a grant to the Voting Rights Project of Common Cause. The proposal has caused many a philanthropic eyebrow to quiver because Common Cause is an openly political organization with registered lobbyists and no pretense of tax-exempt, educational neutrality. The grant will be a departure from the nearly universal foundation practice of channeling money only through exempt organizations (with minor exceptions like a few grants to individuals, private corporations, and various agencies of government.) Although the law, even as amended in 1969, requires only that the money be given for exempt *purposes*, not necessarily through exempt organizations, foundations have relied on the Internal Revenue Service for an added measure of protection. Potential grantees have not been eligible for a charitable dollar until the IRS takes responsibility for their non-partisan status by certifying them as tax-exempt.

The Stern Fund is on the foundation fringes by abandoning the traditional IRS cushion, but even its continuing radicalism is blunted by the fact that Common Cause sounds so much like a foundation and that few people can escape thinking of its mentor, John Gardner, as anything other than a charitable, non-partisan person. Asked whether they would now consider making a grant to Common Cause, officers of several large New York foundations responded with a don't-bet-on-it shrug and a chuckle for Stern's impishness—neither for attribution, of course.

No person in recent years has labored more successfully than Ralph Nader to build a reputation of respectability and meticulous propriety. Yet Nader remains too far out to receive substantial foundation support. "We have not broken through to the major foundations," said Ted Jacobs, Nader's principal cohort in financial matters. "The Carnegie Corporation (assets of about $350 million) is the only big one that has given us a study grant. Only a handful—far fewer than 50—are involved in any kind of innovative social projects at all. All the organizations like ours go to the same, small handful. The same bunch that supports us also supported the early civil rights movement and the early peace movement. Most of the others I talk with are very apologetic about their caution."

The Charitable Crisis

After the 1969 act went into effect, the Ford Foundation undertook a comprehensive review of its 2,000 active grants. None was cancelled. Some were toned down, and new proposals began to be scrutinized far more closely. Even this mild adjustment was not required in the great bulk of foundations, where signs abound that people are as out of touch as ever. For example, the foundation-sponsored Peterson Commission recently issued a report which argued that foundations' contribu-

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tions to society suffered from too niggardly a tax break from the government. The commission, headed by Peter G. Peterson, assistant to President Nixon for international economic affairs, warned that, "without important new sources of funds amounting to many billions of dollars, our society will feel the full force of what can be called *the charitable crisis of the 1970s.*" The commission recommended increased tax incentives for philanthropic giving by the wealthy. It noted the unfortunate impact of such a step on the tax structure, but concluded that tax breaks for those of lesser means would be charitably unproductive.

The Peterson Commission also surveyed foundations on activism and found that they considered 0.1 per cent of their 1966-68 grants "controversial" and three per cent "innovative." Since many of the people surveyed still find public schools and the Supreme Court hard to swallow, impartial observers adjust these figures downward by 65 per cent for a more accurate picture of foundation dynamism. The inescapable conclusion is that foundations are by nature pretty tame social kittens. Even without the new law, the donors and the staff people who screen the grants would keep things that way.

The University-Foundation Complex

The conservatism of foundation grant-giving stems not only from politics but also from the eternal quest for dignity. Even in the activist foundations there is a schizophrenic indecision between the wish for excellence and the wish for solutions to backward problems like poverty and under-education. Do you give scholarships to the most brilliant students, who will most likely pile up an impressive list of credentials that will shine on the foundation, in the hope that one of them will achieve a theoretical breakthrough and advance the power with some new technology or idea? Or do you give compensatory scholarships to the most needy and unproven because you cannot ignore their need, or because the proven probably shift for themselves? The activist foundations are filled with staff members sifting through grant proposals which address the problems of the most impoverished and undistinguished souls around, scanning these proposals for familiar, respectable names.

Giving money to unknowns involves a double risk. First, unknowns are less predictable and therefore more prone to controversy. If they do cause trouble, you have no string of credentials to fall back on as an excuse for making the grant. You can't say, "Hell, I didn't know he'd do that. I gave him the grant because he is a Phi Beta Kappa, Eagle Scout, president of the Young Republicans, author of four monographs, and former summer intern for Bennett Cerf." Unknowns are also problematical because they are more prone to failure—if only because they lack the credibility to *declare* their projects a success, or to have highly regarded friends comment upon their stimulative meaning. For these reasons, and many others, the best accommodation of the conflicting pressures on an activist foundation is to give someone at Harvard a grant to study this or that social abomination. ("I see it every day," said one Ford staff man. "If a dean calls up from the University of Kansas, he is lucky to get listened to at all. You unconsciously respond more to the Harvard dean. I do it myself, even though I promise not to.")

It is not at all surprising that educational institutions, chiefly universities, provided the strongest, most consistent support for foundations during the 1969 debate. "I think it's fair to say that the four per cent tax on foundation income was the one element of the bill that received the most criticism from the university constituency," said David Freeman of the Council on Foundations. "They concentrated on that, although some of them also mentioned the political

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restrictions." This may or may not be related to the fact that universities stood to lose money from the tax—and gain it from the political restrictions, since former grants to individuals and oddball groups are now likely to be channelled through the safety of a college. In fact, there is already some evidence that educational institutions will get some compensation for their losses from the four per cent tax. In April, 1971, John R. Mahoney, chairman of the Harvard Law School Fund, wrote his fellow alumni:

> As you may know, a number of family and other private foundations are being terminated and their assets being transferred to charities such as educational institutions. A number of colleges have benefited handsomely and some departments of Harvard are soon to receive important gifts from such sources.
>
> If you should know of any trustees or foundations who may be considering disposing of foundation assets, I hope you will suggest the Law School as a worthy beneficiary.

Universities are not the main foundation constituency for nothing. They are the principal recipients of the grants. Education gets 30 per cent of foundations expenditures every year. Regardless of the ultimate purpose of a project, the persons immediately on the other end of a philanthropic check are likely to be highly educated, with incomes between $9-25,000 a year. The grants are likely to be for work which is interesting, highly laudable in the abstract, creative, and clearly on this side of the Good; but they are not directly for the hungry, unclad, and unhoused. The grant may be *designed* to produce some benefit for these unfortunates, but in an indirect manner which is most readily perceived and communicated by the educated types who get the money.

A soon-to-be-published foundation study by a group of New York foundations maps the personnel traffic running between charity and knowledge and finds that it moves in the same patterns and frequencies as that between the Pentagon and the defense industry. University teaching and administration emits the largest number of philanthropic professionals for the foundations, creating a standing wave on which the money can flow back into the universities, stimulating the production of more professionals.

The study's questionnaire reveals other surprising things about foundation administrators: 1) there is an inverse correlation between compensation and the amount of time an administrator spends in charitable work each year; 2) 85 per cent of the executives are male and 30 per cent have Ph.D.s (no figures on race are available); and 3) in response to the Tax Reform Act, foundation administrators said they would place more emphasis on "protective" staff and "probably move to people who would be less likely to ruffle the waters."

Don Quixote's Limousine

This close intermingling of academics and foundations helps explain why foundations have received so little serious criticism from non-right-wing circles. "You can search all the academic journals and the political sheets on the left and you won't find anything that really gets at the problems of foundations," said one former staff man, who relates academic ties to the general philanthropic difficulty hearing anything but roses. "I worked in a large foundation for almost 10 years and never heard an honest statement from anybody on the outside. Really, that's almost literally true. If you say something stupid at a cocktail party, people aren't going to say you're wrong. They'll bend with you. I've seen professors who have worked on a subject for years bring their proposal to a program officer who will make some inane suggestions. But the professor usually agrees, even if it means substantially shifting the focus of his work."

Even the most candid, self-critical foundation person cannot escape the invisible dollar sign on his forehead. It gives great weight to his most casual

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remarks, induces quick responses to his phone calls, sometimes allows him to toy with people, and generally helps him believe that he is living closer to his dreams than those who go without his mark. Furthermore, there is a natural human tendency for him to believe that the extraordinary compliments paid to his genius and social commitment are earned, personal, and justified. The thought that most of the attention might flow from the money in, or believed to be in, his power is unpleasant. That's why he doesn't like to hear harsh criticism of foundations from close to home. And as long as he wears the dollar sign, he probably won't get any.

The susceptibility of foundation people to delusions of activism is another reason why foundations cannot be expected to create many new things or be risky political catalysts. "We sometimes kid about being on the cutting edge of social change," said a candid Ford staff member. "What that means is funding something that the government might pick up in two or three years—the grey areas of public policy, we call it."

This often looks like a game of anticipation, in which an active foundation detects a new social wave—women's liberation, consumerism, peace, pollution, Chicanos, corporate responsibility, etc.—and funds a portion of it, studies it, or otherwise rides. Gordon Sherman, former president of Midas Muffler and the Midas International Foundation, ousted from both by his father because he was too liberal, says:

> The whole problem of organization in the country now is to try to control the elements of change. The war is a symbol of that. I mean it's going to end, but nobody's going to end it. The war will just play out. Liberals, like everyone else, are trying to maneuver so that the war will end in such a way that things look like *they* ended it. Everyone is trying to look like they have some control. That's what the better foundations do.

Of course somebody must be causing all these changes. Although foundations play no such role, they speak of the social waves and controversies in distinctly political tones which suggest active leadership, if not control. Many of their pronouncements could be used by liberal candidates for any major public office. Take Vice President Mitchell Sviridoff's message in a Ford annual report:

> The agenda for the seventies clearly will have to cover more territory. . . . We are supporting work on nearly all the issues that provide perspectives for the seventies—poverty, manpower training, higher education, the environment, etc. . . . But more than most private institutions, a foundation needs constantly to reassess its priorities. In a nation beset by divisiveness, surely one criterion that ought to rank high in foundation decisions is the potential of any idea or program to reunify people in support of constructive change and social equity.

Beyond the involvement and the overbearing vanguard relevance, these passages merely exaggerate a kernel of foundationland—its solemnity. The self-esteem of foundations is gravely fixed. Its sinews are as taut as those of Richard Nixon's self-control. A concerned philanthropist sees a mixture of Henry Adams, John D. Rockefeller, St. Francis of Assisi, John Dewey, and Galileo in the mirror. In the midst of tax breaks, lofty visions, and the hungry poor, however, he comes on like Don Quixote in a limousine. That would be all right except that he almost always lacks humor about it. When you are pondering the good works of foundations—and wavering between admiration for their works and a sour awareness of the hypocrisy—this fact pushes you to the far side.

Whose Cold Heart?

Why not abolish foundations, then? As David Hunter, executive director of the Stern Fund, said, "There is very little justification for foundations, period. They are basically undemocratic institutions." The unique contributions of foundations have been so eroded by the increased

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responsibilities of government, and their innovative freedom so circumscribed, that philanthropy seems too ordinary—and abuse too certain—for the voters to support them. Why should the citizens renew the charitable tax breaks each year and thus appropriate more than $1 billion of public funds to philanthropic boards that are gamely contending with country clubs for distinction as the most unrepresentative institutions of prestige in America?

The foundations' best protection against such abolitionist sentiment has always been an emotional one—the image of a little child, crippled, surrounded by attendants who provide tender care at a foundation-supported hospital. Look on our works, at that child's face, they say, and tell us how you can be against our programs. Most people's hearts shrink from the coldness required to hold their opposition —until, perhaps, they ask some further questions. Would the child's care vanish without the philanthropist? If so, why shouldn't the public's feeling for crippled children bring care for them all, rather than relying on charity to help them randomly, here and there, and without obligation to continue? If, on the other hand, the child would be publicly supported, is not the philanthropist superfluous—especially since his program, even for the child in question, is made possible by tax exemptions from the public? Is not philanthropy a throwback to less prosperous times, when the public cared about crippled children but could not afford to care about all of them and used the philanthropist to hide its selectivity? Isn't the philanthropist asking a misbegotten question by assuming that genuine feeling for cripples requires support for him? In fact, who has a colder heart for people than a philanthropist—basking in the midst of the wet eyes that bespeak overflowing gratitude on the part of those who make his benevolence possible, savoring the full ownership for his deeds and obtaining a far better image than the ordinary bureaucratic public trustee, retaining freedom from regulations and controls that wouldn't recognize the kinship he sees between charity and the life style of the rich, receiving a kind of atonement for any remembered blemishes on the way the money was originally acquired, and standing above the outstretched hands of those driven to sycophancy by a desire to administer the next philanthropic project.

Those who conquer sympathy for the philanthropist's programs feel attached to him for one final reason—a desire to share his freedom. There is something about the freedom of foundations which provokes a glimmer of yearning approval—even when Wright Patman squints over his glasses to issue his favorite denunciation of Paul Mellon's Bollingen Foundation for expending tax-free dollar to study "the origin and significance of the decorative types of medieval tombstones in Bosnia and Herzegovina" and "the remains of rural chthonic traditions which existed in Europe during the Middle Ages." These projects are attractive somehow, because of their oddity, their offbeat creativity, and their liberation from worries about whether enough people would buy reports on chthonic traditions. Projects of the socially activist foundations also have these qualities, freeing people from the shackles of the marketplace to engage in movements for social change. Therefore, foundations have a magnetic charm about them because of their potential utility for the growing dilemma of young people and others who want to be freed for such movements.

But there are costs involved with this I-could-cause-change-with-a-grant-like-that desire to spare the philanthropist. It blinds grantees, and those who hope to be grantees, to the limitations of foundation money—limitations which usually emasculate the social impact of grants designed to cause controversial change. One might almost as well be in Bosnia with Paul Mellon. Also, the yearning to approve foundation freedom may seduce

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people into thinking that the poor are served by their consuming foundation money while the poor go hungry. This causes psychological tension and financial strain—since most soldiers of change require compensation roughly comparable in the long run to what their background, education, and skills would earn in all but the most cutthroat of profit-seeking organizations. Such a standard of living hangs awkwardly on people who are liberated from the marketplace in order to help the less fortunate survive within it.

No Tinsel Hope

The Brewster ideal—of a dispersed pool of risk capital for stimulating social change—is a noble, perhaps vital one for the country. But to create that ideal by appropriating public funds to the richest people in the country is nonsense. Even a national philanthropic lottery, throwing out $5-million chunks to individuals for their non-consumptive use, would be better than giving the money to only one group in the society—the very group that has the least to gain by change and the most reason for believing that the system under which they made it is basically an equitable one. There must be a better way.

But Congress never really intended the foundation tax plan to provide political or cultural gadflies, anyway. The plan dates back even before the era of hookworm and the squeamishness about taxing the rich, while the Brewster argument has grown rhetorically only as these reasons for foundations have eroded. Congress respects foundations only by tradition and political attachments to the donors, and its respect is hanging by a string. There is little reason to expect that Congress could support an alternative distribution system for social risk capital. Every political brushfire thus created would produce a mismatch between Congress' strongest instincts and its cerebral Brewsterism.

So you have a choice between abolishing foundations or waiting for and encouraging things like the Stern Fund, the New World Foundation, the Field Foundation, and a rare dropping from Ford. In philanthropy such blessings are about as rare as biological mutations. (Right-wing foundations are embarrassing on the innovative end, too, caught up with projects like Dr. Fred Schwartz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, financed by the Pew foundations.) Abolition means cutting off grants to the few ripples in the sea, like Ralph Nader. Continuation means further tolerance of a hypocritical, nonsensical system. It is an unpleasant choice.

Gordon Sherman advises that, faced with a choice between slim hope and continued pain, take the hope. "No, I wouldn't cut them off, even now. The people aren't behaving wickedly, but according to the grain of their peers. It's a cultural phenomenon, and you've got to think that a few changes will seep through here and there to some of the new generations of moneyed people. You have no expectations of really good things, but the little hope you have is real—not the tinsel stuff you see in foundation reports or feel before you really think about them. You just have to lower your sights a lot when dealing with foundations."

And nearly close your eyes. ■

Answers to the June Political Puzzle:

1 P	R	2 E	S	3 S	C	4 O	N	5 F	E	6 R	E	7 N	C	8 E
A	■	X	■	K	■	N	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	A
9 I	N	P	R	I	N	T	■	10 A	N	T	I	B	E	S
N	■	E	■	P	■	O	■	R	■	I	■	B	■	I
11 T	A	R	T	S	■	12 P	R	O	M	O	T	I	V	E
E	■	T	■	T	■	■	■	F	■	■	■	S	■	S
13 D	I	S	R	O	B	14 E	■	15 G	U	16 N	S	H	O	T
■	■	■	■	W	■	X	■	O	■	E	■	■	■	■
17 H	O	18 S	I	N	G	S	■	19 D	O	W	N	20 O	N	21 E
U	■	U	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	R	■	L
22 R	E	C	H	23 A	I	N	E	24 D	■	25 P	R	I	M	A
R	■	C	■	M	■	A	■	W	■	R	■	N	■	P
26 Y	O	U	C	A	N	T	■	27 E	D	I	T	O	R	S
U	■	M	■	T	■	O	■	L	■	N	■	C	■	E
28 P	U	B	L	I	C	R	E	L	A	T	I	O	N	S

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Publishing Conglomerated: When Profit Becomes Censor

by Suzannah Lessard

In the last decade, a number of publishing houses were absorbed by large corporations. The Los Angeles Times-Mirror bought New American Library, Inc.; Random House, owner of Knopf and Pantheon, sold to RCA; CBS bought Holt, Rinehart and Winston; Time-Life bought Little, Brown; ITT bought Bobbs-Merrill; and Cowles Communications gained control of Harper & Row.

The accepted explanation was that Wall Street saw a pot of gold in "communications" and Midas-magic in the mixture of hardware and books (software). As publishing is full of people who are antipathetic to what the large corporation represents in our society, and since publishing quality books does seem rather too esoteric and unworldly to interest the financial establishment (the hardware/software recipe did not live up to expectations), I wondered whether the corporate presence had had a negative effect on publishing and the people in it. This speculation was spurred by the feeling that something has gone sour in at least a few houses.

The main fear generated by these acquisitions was of censorship: would these grandees of the establishment impose their conservativism on editorial policy? As it turned out, that fear was largely unfounded. Random House, owned by the largest, RCA, led the field in publishing politically iconoclastic books during a period of violent antagonism between the left and the right. Though publishing usually represents a very modest financial contribution within the larger company, the scandal created by the suppression of a political book would be extremely damaging to the corporate image—sounder indeed to dump the little company which contributes such a miniscule percentage of overall profits.

On these grounds, the whole issue of interference is dismissed by the people in corporation-owned houses. The same people acknowledge a less

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definable ill—a pervasive malaise, disassociation from their work—but point beyond their immediate situations to the cause: "You can't separate publishing from the rest of the world. Everything's lousy. Look what we're doing in Laos." To the suggestion that there is a conflict between the corporate ethic of maximum profits and publishing's traditionally more flexible approach to profit versus quality, the stock response is "We're in business first to make money like any other concern and always have been." (Looking back on my association with people in publishing, I don't recall an eagerness to identify either with ordinary businessmen or the rest of the world, so this, at least, can be considered bona fide change.) Such demurrals are suspect because, while the Vietnam war has affected everyone's morale, people in independent publishing houses, particularly small ones, do not extend the immobilizing burden of world problems into discussions of their work. And, while far more vulnerable to the pressures of profit and loss, they do not express consonance with those pressures—rather the opposite.

I think there is an internal change in the acquired houses and that the cause, far more immediate than national policy and the exigencies of the market, is intimately connected with the growing dominance of the corporate structure in certain houses and the ability of that structure to neutralize people and to depersonalize work. The situation is a common American predicament, but publishing provides an especially telling example of how the corporate syndrome works. Because of the character of the people in the field and the nature of the work they do, it is one of the last areas one would expect to be invaded.

Whole Less Than Parts

Taking the question at its broadest, the first principle of the corporate structure is to diffuse responsibility so that no one person feels directly implicated by the whole, while the sum of individual energies perpetuates the institution in all its endeavors. The corporation has neither a conscience nor a self-consciousness. Quite simply, if you are a successful editor, the profits you might make publishing excellent, conscientious books can serve to grease another part of the organization in an activity you abhor. The way things are set up, you would tend not to make the connection.

Bob Gottlieb is editor-in-chief of Knopf, a subsidiary of Random House, and therefore of RCA. "As far as I'm concerned, we get nothing but healthy emanations from RCA," he said. "They understand different businesses and respect them." You have to believe him. He publishes some of the best books in the country. I asked him if he would mind if one of the "different" businesses were making napalm. He said he would mind very much, but that RCA was mostly involved in making tape recorders and TVs. RCA does not make napalm, but they did $262.8-million worth of work for the Defense Department last year and are currently working on the Aegis missile, a contract which may have an ultimate value of $1 billion. Their role in the electronics battlefield was described in the May issue of this magazine.

It might be unrealistic to suggest that Bob Gottlieb and his colleagues abandon Knopf, Pantheon, and Random House, where they have been able to publish such good lists, just because of what RCA is making. But that's the seed of the trouble, right there. It's a black day when it is no longer realistic for you to feel responsible for the organization to which you are contributing. And worse, even if the whole Random House complex bucked the structure, took responsibility, and stood up as one to denounce RCA's defense work, what weight would they, representing a piddling $16-million contribution, hold against the huge defense volume?

This is the most abstract tier of the corporate syndrome. The root prob-

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lem is not Southeast Asia or any other particular area of work but the relationship between structure and the individual. The Random House complex provides an especially good example because it is owned by a full-blown conglomerate, and an especially sticky example because it has remained a top quality publisher. Like Bob Gottlieb, most people in corporation-owned houses probably don't know what the mother company is up to, so one could hardly argue that those unknown activities affect them in any way at all. Still, this dissociation of a person from the ultimate use of his energies is the matrix from which more immediately affecting circumstances evolve.

The Greedy Ganglia

Like a primitive marine creature, the conglomerate is made up of self-sufficient cells with only a rudimentary ganglia coordinating the otherwise unrelated parts. The inchoate instinct which keeps the creature from flying apart in different directions, which identifies it as one, is profit. The nervous system is not built to distinguish how the profit is made—it knows and responds only to the figures, rejects cells which are a drag on the general profit, and carries signals to all parts communicating the desire to reach for higher figures. Profit is the daemon of the corporation, the one integrating factor. All businessmen are sensitive to the balance sheet; but there are differences, as, for instance, between seeing publishing as a vehicle for making money, or seeing the rules and forces of the business world as a viable context in which to publish books. Because publishing has always had a limited financial potential, editors tend to be attracted to the field for the latter reason—otherwise they would go elsewhere. Perhaps this is the reason that the most demonstrable sign of the corporate presence in publishing is the growing distinction between editorial and upper "management" and a seepage of power to the latter. Upper management is geared to transmit the signals which unbuffered might prove offensive to the editorial cells. Speaking of RCA's beneficent influence, Anthony Conrad, RCA board member and liaison between the board and Random House, says, "Of course from a business standpoint they do receive guidance. They now have a very fine business management as well as creative talent."

Independent publishers are keenly aware of structural distinctions, jealous of their freedom, and emphatically critical, sometimes exaggeratedly, of corporate ownership as it has developed. "Absentee ownership which only looks at the bottom line is dangerous to literature," says Arthur Wang, of Hill and Wang. "Boards tend to be cautious. Publishing a novel is incautious. Once you are cautious in intellectual affairs you are licked." He adds, "The relationship between an author and an editor is where the action is," and suggests that it's a relationship which is apt to become depersonalized by the corporate bureaucracy. "When a business organism gets large enough, the response is to the organism, not to the individual himself. You get a feeling of not really working, of being filtered," says Dick Grossman of Viking.

Jack Macrae of E. P. Dutton is being forced to consider a buyer, and though the large corporations offer the best prices, he is firmly resisting those offers and seeking a smaller, more compatible company. Raytheon, a prospective buyer, assured him that they would never interfere: "You know your own business. You're doing a great job." But Macrae says, "It's absurd to think we would work harmoniously with a big company like that, particularly one so deeply involved in military work." (Raytheon had a defense volume of $379.6 million last year.) Macrae does not present himself as a man nobly resisting the lure of money, but simply as one who knows where his best interests lie. All these people express tremen-

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dous involvement in their work, respect for their editors, and the critical importance of the option to make less of a profit if that's the price of publishing excellence or not publishing trash.

Remarks from corporation-owned houses curiously match these criticisms. Once again, Random House, universally set up as an example of the successful merger, provides the most telling feedback. Jane Seitz, formerly an assistant editor there, recalls the time she was called upstairs and warned that she took the author's side too much, that her main allegiance should be to Random House, and that whatever romantic notions people on the outside might have about publishing, "we're in business to make money." The atmosphere downstairs, in her words: "Everyone was discontent, everyone frustrated. I remember the executives and editors walking around asking what the problem was, why the feeling of malaise." Senior editors have described the situation a little differently. "There is a self-imposed repression within the industry due to the way it operates—the result of accident, not malice," said John Simon, an editor at Random House. "Publishing is boring," says Jason Epstein, also an editor at Random House, who has had a singularly unboring career. "There's nothing to talk about." But he denies that RCA has had anything to do with this development.

Upstairs in the president's office there is no sign of angst. In the vast paneled room all is sweetness and light. Bob Bernstein talks about the benefits of RCA's sophisticated guidance in "systems management" and, by way of illustrating their impeccable behavior with regard to editorial decisions, tells of the time he sent galleys of a book he particularly liked over to the RCA board, which returned it unopened, with the explanation that such a preview might fuel rumors of censorship. (Defenders of corporate ownership always steer the conversation towards censorship.) About those political books to which the people downstairs were so dedicated: "My main job is creating an atmosphere in which editors feel comfortable. One thing is letting them make mistakes. There is nothing wrong with publishing an outrageously controversial book. The American people are perfectly capable of rejecting it." And later, "I think our quest for profit is just as great as the conglomerates'. An editor has a way of going where the issues are."

Jane Seitz describes, "I remember two senior editors pacing the floor asking us all what we thought would be the real issues of the seventies. Certainly rock was dead, radical politics were passe, women's lib was for the birds. Where, oh where, would the sellers be?"

I don't think those pacers were driven by a fear that their jobs depended on making a good profit for RCA. All editors have their antennae out for new issues. But this sort of consuming effort to hit the jackpot, to ride the next wave, the tendency to think a book is less important if it sells badly and immensely worthwhile if it is popular, regardless of one's own standards, is a habit of mind which seems to be in the ascendency in houses dominated by corporations. It's a matter of responding more to the money-making potential and less to one's own personal judgment. While it's undoubtedly thrilling to have a book one has chosen and worked on take off, choosing books primarily on their salability would very soon become boring indeed to anyone with an interest in publishing beyond the level of the horse race. I suspect this frame of mind grows in response to the corporate daemon which is only interested in the stakes. Profit becomes the censor.

A Tasty Frito

The urgent pursuit of profit, the quest for the instant hit, inevitably erodes the desire to find the slower book of lasting quality. A common

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rejoinder is that with the money earned by a popular book one can carry the less profitable "serious" works. There are two things wrong with this. First, if the economy of a publishing house is based on immediate but fleeting hits, the bulk of the money which comes in from one best-seller will have to be turned into buying and promoting the next one. Secondly, the notion that publishing quality is a question of charity is bogus.

Traditionally the good trade houses have made quality the basis of their economy—the slow accretion of books of enduring value which rarely enjoy meteoric successes but which are permanent assets. Most publishers want to find a *Love Story*, but not every one bases its enterprise on that kind of jackpot.

The fine independent houses look to make real value the backbone of their company—they publish 10 first novelists in a year, not because they are quixotic devotees of literature, but because they are betting that two of them will be the Saul Bellows of 1985. In this context, non-sellers are not long-sufferingly tolerated as "dogs," "rabbits," or even "prestige"; nor are the editors of those books disdained. "Quality pays off. I know it does," says Don Fine of Arbor House. " We don't have a single list without at least two first novels. That's where we make our money," says Roger Straus of Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, whose imprint is known as a mark of quality.

Random House still publishes good books, but they tend to be the obvious ones on subjects of intense current interest or by already established authors, the sort of "book of the year" project like *Portnoy's Complaint*, *In Cold Blood*, or *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, to name a few of Random House's recent coups, all by old Random House authors. Their nonfiction line is studded with ephemera like *Future Shock* and *The Greening of America*. Their first novels tend to be along the lines of *The Strawberry Statement*, a tasty little frito at the time but hardly worth binding in leather. This psychology produces impressive balance sheets, but over time it is bound to erode the overall standard. Even Pantheon, a Random House subsidiary, which is an extremely discriminating house, is not likely to survive this psychology. Andre Schiffrin, editor-in-chief, says he thinks he is able to publish as he does because Pantheon is such a small cell in the conglomerate that RCA probably doesn't know it exists. That is a rather tenuous lease.

Don't Do It

During the period when everyone was worried about censorship, Doubleday, which is independent, arbitrarily turned down Jerry Rubin's *Do It*, because Nelson Doubleday was offended by it. The incident was interpreted as an indication that private ownership is more likely to censor than corporate ownership. Coincidentally, to illustrate the liberal policy of his CBS bosses, Aaron Asher, editor-in-chief at Holt, Rinehart and Winston, told me of the time a CBS executive remarked on the success of *Do It* and suggested that he would have been pleased if Holt had published it. Doubleday, whether one agrees with the judgment or not, had exercised the option to make less. Would the CBS official have been pleased to hear that Aaron Asher had done the same? Taking a book simply because it will make a lot of money is the same as not taking a book because it will not make a lot of money. All publishers do a little of both out of necessity, but a businessman would see it as fundamental policy to make profit alone the basis of selection.

The merits, demerits, and politics of *Do It* are completely irrelevant here—it is a question of the process of selection. This lies at the very core of an editor's work. And the question is not whether he is a good selector, but on what basis he makes his judgment. "The construct which has turned pub-

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lishing into a business-ethic dominated business is 'What do those jerks out there want?' " says Dick Grossman.

While acquisition by a conglomerate guarantees encroachment by the corporate ethic, it is not the only route. Harper & Row provides a glorious example of the corporate structure gone haywire and the urgency of the quest for profits disrupting all semblance of a peaceful pursuit of editorial work. Harper is not corporate-owned, but it has a full-blown upper management, and the stock is controlled by Cowles Communications (which recently interfered directly in the affairs of their subsidiary, *Harper's* magazine). From the outside, at least, the relationship between Cowles and Harper & Row seems vague. One associate editor at Harper is bitter about the way things are going there. As with Jane Seitz, her kind of bitterness tends to break out into the open on subordinate levels where objections are not forestalled by large salaries and the trappings of importance, and where editors tend to be women, who generally get a bad deal throughout the industry. "Power is in upper management," she says. "The guys on top are corporation executives. They have basically no interest in books, they are interested in money. Publishing houses don't publish authors now, they want to publish the big, one-shot book."

A few years ago, Harper's trade department wasn't doing well and the mess which ensued in the effort to right this reveals a lot about the nature of the corporate structure and its inappropriateness in publishing. The vague relationship with Cowles may have been a factor since no one seems to have ever had a clear upper hand.

A constellation of four executives, three of whom knew little about trade publishing, bumped each other from position to position in a power struggle that was exceptionally chaotic because there was no clear hierarchy of command. Editorial meetings were turned into studies of graphs. One refugee left because she was spending all her time filling out questionnaires on how the "traffic" was moving. People were erratically promoted, demoted, and fired. Excellent editors were senselessly snubbed. And no one really knew where the directives were coming from and who was trying to please whom—the only clear issue was that Harper wasn't doing well and somebody was going to get it.

When the late David Segal, who had a reputation as one of the best editors in New York, announced he was leaving Harper & Row for another job, he was offered the position of editor-in-chief. When he asked whether management was really interested in publishing the kind of books he wanted, the reply was that they only wanted to build a good trade department. Segal said he needed five years, and he was given a huge budget. Then, when the books he bought lost money in the first year, he was abruptly fired. The politics surrounding the episode remain hopelessly tangled, the only clear effect being an uncomfortable atmosphere in at least some corners of the editorial department. "Editors are becoming totally unimportant. Authors used to be the most important, then editors. Now publishers are scornful of authors and editors. Most of the good editors I know are not in publishing any more because they couldn't take it," a Harper editor said. ("We're not attracting the young talent anymore," says Jason Epstein. "They don't want to work for a big company.")

Floating on Fiction

At Random House pressures from above are muffled and indistinct. Upper management, where executives often hold contracts directly with the corporation, is extremely sensitive to the super-ganglia. Quite understandably acting in their own interests, they want to please. One of their main functions is to transmit the impersonal will to the editorial level with-

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out unseemly friction. Sometimes they intuit that will, sometimes it comes expressly from above. For people receiving the message, the origins are almost always obscure—there is no clean delineation of authority—which makes it difficult to confront. The effect is that uneasiness, a feeling of floating.

I have a hunch that the corporate presence is more directly felt on lower levels than by editorial superiors, through such trivial restrictions as dress codes. Although RCA had been on the scene for some time, the move into the brand new Random House Building was generally recognized as the clincher in the relationship, and as that move approached the corporate presence definitely became more pronounced, at least among the peons. Booklets were distributed making it clear that a strict decorum was to be maintained in the new building and that a crackdown in areas such as time cards would take place. The new architecture made the outlines of the hierarchy clearer. The secretaries' furniture was actually bolted into place (the move was delayed because the first shipment of furniture didn't fit into the prescribed niches), each would have her Random House cup, coffee was not to be ordered from the outside, desks were to be kept clear, strict dress codes were to be enforced, etc. To keep the peace, editors would make exceptions for their staff, but with the air of a pact between a student proctor and some mischievous boys. Such constrictions are a very serious matter to those affected and extremely detrimental to a sense of identification with the company and willingness to do good work. Even more discouraging is the sense of not knowing where the directives are really coming from and that everyone is a mouthpiece for someone else. The implementation of policies like dress codes is a valid indication of the extent of control by the corporation. While the management knows better than to impose such strictures on editors—they can dress in jeans and work shirts and mess up their glassed-in carpeted offices as much as possible if that's their whim—it's reasonable to deduce that control does not skip over that level but simply operates in subtler forms. The imposition of decorum is simply the last outcropping of an intricate and debilitating system.

About a year ago Publishers for Peace, an antiwar group consisting mostly of upper-level editors, held a conference to discuss how they could mobilize their influence against the war. A high percentage of Publishing's Finest turned out. One of the speakers suggested that life had been cushy in the field for quite some time, but given the seriousness of the situation, perhaps it was time to take a drop in profits and make a policy of seeking out and publishing effective antiwar literature without regard to profit or loss. What he was asking for was an exercise of choice which would not invite ruin but simply involve a squeeze.

The Story of OEO *

"The classic study of the Economic Opportunity Act and its consequences to date." — **National Planning Association**

"Instant history at its best." — **Industrial and Labor Relations Review**

"By far the best evaluation of the war on poverty." — **Rep. Albert H. Quie**

"By far the most complete and thoroughgoing study by a nongovernmental source." — **Community Development**

" 'Must' reading." — **Sen. Jacob Javits**

"An instant classic. . . . Remarkably thorough and perceptive." — **Choice**

***The Great Society's Poor Law: A New Approach to Poverty** by Sar A. Levitan. 1969. $7.95

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

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The hall responded with an unreceptive hush. Putting things that way made it all too clear that the people present had no such control over their own "influence," that whether or not they were willing to do so, or thought such action might be useful, they had no power to carry it out. I think it was David Segal who stood up and said just that—the reception was flat, the subject was changed.

Another much simpler suggestion was made. At the time a number of people in different houses had been fired apparently for antiwar activity. A general editorial strike was proposed to express disapproval of those companies and put industry-wide pressure on them to reinstate their ex-employees. Again, without any discussion of practicality or effectiveness, the measure fell by the wayside. During the conference the division between editorial and management was absolutely clear. Management did not attend and management represented the main obstacle to any action. As no action was deemed possible, it was also clear that management unequivocally held the reins and any discussion by the editorial element as to how to mobilize their strength against the war was purely academic. Publishers for Peace took out several ads in *The New York Times* stating their sentiments.

Whether all this has actually affected the books is hard to tell. At Random House the list has certainly maintained quality and no doubt the good books will continue to gravitate to them for some time. The area that's most likely to be affected is the actual editing which is very personal, demanding work, but a decline in the quality of editing would be almost impossible to document. But some people who should know feel it has already happened. "Ownership by a corporation affects a house. You can tell by the manuscripts," says literary agent Knox Burger. "The only problem with the Random House list is you just feel the editors aren't working as hard as they should be," says John Leonard, editor of *The New York Times Book Review*. "Everybody is full of marvelous editorial ideas. You just get a sense that a lot of these books need to be worked on."

A Slow Lobotomy

In arriving at the conclusion that an identifiable syndrome was at work, I was very much influenced by the contrast provided by houses which have remained independent. All is not peaches and cream in every independent quality house, but there is an underlying quiet of engagement standing out vividly against the jibber of distraction which seems to lie at the core of houses dominated by the corporate mystique. As in most categories of American business, smallness and independence are threatened.

If it weren't for this fact, if small houses were springing up and thriving regularly, as they were after World War I, then perhaps one wouldn't be so disturbed when others are absorbed by the corporate establisment. But the small houses are vanishing, and while smallness itself isn't a virtue, it seems to provide a context in which the sustained intention to publish the best flourishes. If that intention were suddenly erased, if *The New York Times Book Review* announced that publishers had agreed that henceforth books would be printed only if they met a certain popularity standard, it would be as though a major lobotomy had been performed on the culture. That may sound fanciful, but the absorption of trade houses by big business, while perhaps not as drastic in its effects, in the long run threatens the same erasure.

Roger Straus is more optimistic; he thinks the corporations will start vomiting up their difficult acquisitions and publishing will once again return to the domain of the individual enterprise. If he is right, and at this point it seems improbable, it's not likely to be because of resistance, or even recognition, by those who have been sucked into the corporate syndrome ■

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Memo of the Month

TO: All Teachers in the Indianapolis & Marion County Area:

At precisely 10:00 A.M., May 14, 1971, all teachers, having a class, will instruct students to lay aside their work for a 20 minute discussion on vandalism. (distribute letter from Board of County Commissioners)

The following is taking place at this time:

1. All students, county and city wide, grade 1 thru 12, are receiving a letter from the Board of County Commissioners.
2. Anti-Vandalism Day is being proclaimed by elected officials, namely Mayor Lugar, Commissioners Schneider, Hemphill, Buell and Congressman Wm. G. "Bill" Bray.
3. All phases of news media are participating.

Sell your class on "vandal and vandalism being dirty, evil words."

Suggested Point Aids (optional)

1. On blackboard spell out vandal and vandalism with Websters definition.
2. Read letter from County Commissioners in unison and discuss.
3. Emphasize Paragraph 7 ("Don't thwart") (Commissioners letter).
4. A rock thru a window of a house, a lifted hub cap, defacing a car, breaking down a fence or littering an area can result in the area being considered "high risk." In high risk areas, financing homes and personal property is difficult if not impossible. This also applies to obtaining insurance coverage in a "high risk" area.
5. A high percentage of sub-standard housing is a direct result of vandalism.
6. There is a fine line between a vandal and a criminal. One acts out of pleasure and one out of profit.

Insist letter from County Commissioners be taken home and discussed with parents.

Homework Assignment:

Have student, with aid of parent, write a theme of 100 words on the subject of vandalism. Have completed theme returned to class, on or before May 21, 1971. These returned themes will be collected at a future date.

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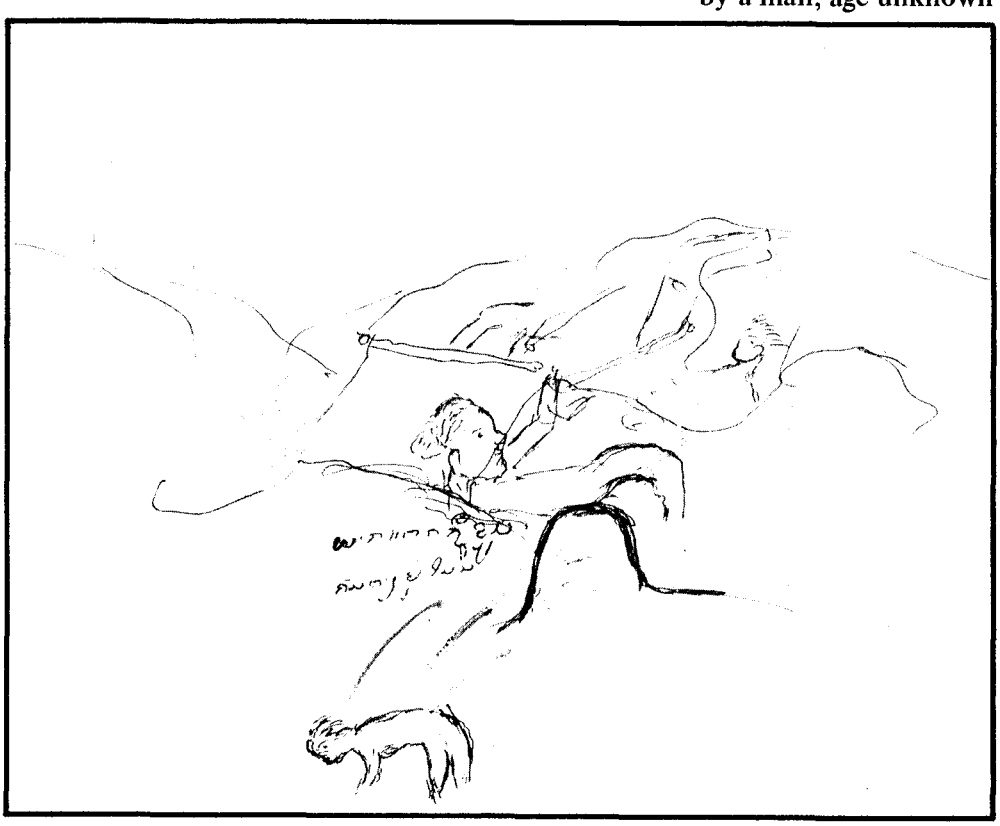
The Wild Blue Yonder Over Laos

This drawing and those on pages 32 and 33 were done by people from the Plain of Jars, Laos, depicting their life as it was during the bombing of their villages by American planes. They are presently living in refugee camps around the capital city of Vientiane. The bombing continues.

A bomb hit the hole and people died inside it.
—by a man, age unknown



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by Fred Branfman

War is no longer the desperate annihilating struggle that it was. . . . It is a warfare of limited aims. This is not to say that. . . the conduct of war. . . has become less bloodthirsty or more chivalrous. On the contrary. . . . But in a physical sense war involves very small numbers of people, mostly highly trained specialists. The fighting. . . takes place on the vague frontiers whose whereabouts the average man can only guess at. . . .

—George Orwell, *1984*

Conventional land warfare, George Orwell predicted, would inevitably give way to automated war as military technology developed. The war in Indochina today appears to be undergoing such a transformation.

Perhaps unaware of this, Americans who watch the war have not yet learned to look up in the air. While most people believe that bringing the troops home is synonymous with getting out of Vietnam, ground troops are becoming irrelevant to the war effort. The real war has taken off. The skies are being filled with American planes as the land is emptied of its foot soldiers.

The Nixon Administration has accomplished massive aerial escalation, perhaps more devastating than President Johnson's troop buildups of 1965, with minimum public notice or concern because the country still thinks it is fighting with the Green Machine—the ground army—of the 1960s. But the war of the 1970s is that of the Blue Machine—U. S. air power—several thousand feet above the grunts, climbing away from any American agony. With the inexorable

Fred Branfman was in Laos from March 1967, to February 1971, first with International Voluntary Services, and then as a writer, researching the bombing on his own. He interviewed thousands of refugees who lived under the bombs, plus many American officials and pilots.

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development of American air technology, Indochina is already becoming Orwell's battlefield.

Since Nixon took office, and as ground troops have been withdrawn, more than 2.7 million tons of bombs, by Pentagon estimate, have been dropped on Indochina. This is more American ordnance than was absorbed by both the European and Pacific theaters during World War II, plus the Korean war. We are dropping six million pounds of bombs a day, 4,000 pounds every minute.

The people underwent another war: the air war. They learned another form of civilization: the holes. We dug day and night, the planes bombed day and night. Our village was filled with bomb craters, the land made barren. I grieved very much to see my village in ruins, my animals vanished, my crops destroyed. . . . Each day, news came about such and such a village being bombed, more and more deaths and wounded. . . .

—from essay by teenage refugee, Laos

The bombing of Laos has doubled, erasing whatever restrictions on striking civilian targets that formerly existed. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of villages have been destroyed. Tens of thousands of peasants have been killed and wounded, hundreds of thousands have been driven underground. The Plain of Jars, formerly a thriving society of some 50,000 people, has been leveled and emptied of its inhabitants.

The Laos pattern has been repeated in Cambodia. Numerous towns and villages have already been decimated. As *The Washington Post* reported on January 21, 1971, "the United States is now waging a full-dress air war across Cambodia [that] now rivals in scope, although not in intensity, the air war in Laos."

The bombing of North Vietnam has also resumed. By June 1, air raids had occurred on 43 days since the first of the year, an average of twice a week. As Randy Floyd, a Marine pilot who bombed North Vietnam 37 times, puts it, "Anywhere in North Vietnam is basically a free drop zone . . . if you didn't find any particular targets you wanted to hit, then normally you'd just drop your bombs wherever you wanted to." One may or may not accept Hanoi Radio claims that civilian targets are constantly struck. But all informed American sources say that "protective reaction" strikes are going far beyond enemy missile sites.

During these escalations, there has been a significant decrease of U. S. air activity within South Vietnam, both because of the slowdown in ground activity there and because some 500 aircraft have been transferred to the Vietnamese Air Force. Monthly American air sorties have been about 70 per cent lower this year in South Vietnam than they were in 1968.

It is assumed, however, that should fighting flare up again, American squadrons will be returned from their present resting locations in Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Taiwan, or the United States—squadrons that can be made operational in three days, according to a Seventh Air Force information officer. Most Air Force personnel I interviewed tended to minimize the importance of the reductions in Vietnam itself.

In any event, more than 350,000 tons of bombs—200,000 pounds every hour—will be dropped before the end of the year. Clearly, as they say out in Cam Ranh Bay, "The name of the game is air."

There wasn't a night when we thought we'd live until morning. . . never a morning we thought we'd survive until night. Did our children cry? Oh, yes, and we did also. I just stayed in my cave. I didn't see the sunlight for two years. What did I think about? Oh, I used to repeat, "please don't let the planes come, please don't let the planes come, please don't let the planes come. . . ."

—refugee from the Plain of Jars

Many Americans believe that the pattern of the war fought on the ground in Vietnam will spread to the

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other countries. Actually, the opposite seems to be true. The air war in Laos has been going on for several years, a concurrent experiment with the land war in Vietnam. Neither experiment has been successful in stopping guerrilla forces, but at least the air war has a possibility for surviving the domestic politics while at the same time delaying communist takeovers in Indochina. It is perhaps the only solution for an Administration that wants to keep from losing wars abroad and elections at home.

The air war also involves a change in the tactics of battle. If a guerrilla is a fish among the sea of the people, the objective of the land war is to remove the fish. The air war, however, drains the sea. It has paralyzed the civilian populations. Vietnam is not the future of Laos, but Laos may be the future of the war all over Indochina. The Era of the Blue Machine has arrived.

This is my daughter, Khamphong. She's three years old. I was fishing in a stream with all seven of my children on February 28, 1969. Suddenly jets came and dropped anti-personnel bombs all around. Six of my seven children were hit. See, you can still feel many pellets in Khamphong's legs and back. There were no soldiers nearby.

—*refugee from Plain of Jars*

For the last two-and-a-half years, bombing has been the heart of U. S. policy. Historians may come to date this era from January 20, 1969. In it, war is waged primarily through the aerial bombardment of populated areas. Heavy bombing of civilian targets has, of course, occurred during other wars, and in the Vietnam war before 1969. But in each of these cases, the bombing powers have also deployed large numbers of ground troops, with the bombing seen as a support effort.

What the Era of the Blue Machine means is no better illustrated than in portions of Laos controlled by the Pathet Lao. Pathet Lao zones encompass an area the size of New York state, or about two-thirds of the country. They are composed of 3-4,000 tiny villages, each consisting of a few dozen bamboo homes, a pagoda, rice storehouses, a few hundred head of water buffalo, cows, pigs, chickens, and ducks, and inhabited by some of the poorest, most gentle, rice farmers in Southeast Asia.

Each day for the last several years, hundreds of millions of dollars of the world's most sophisticated aircraft have been hovering over these villages: 01E, 02, and 0V10 spotter planes at 2,000 feet; A1E, A26, T26 prop bombers, AC47, AC54, AC119, AC130 gunships, flare ships, rescue and gunship helicopters at 5,000 feet; F4, F100, F105, A7, B57 jet bombers, jet reconnaissance, EC47 and EC119 electronic aircraft at 10,000; KC135 super-tankers at 20,000; B52s at 30,000; EC130 command and control aircraft at 35,000; and SR71 reconnaissance aircraft at 70,000 feet.

Giant computers, seismic and acoustic sensors, infra-red devices, and ANAPQ108 radar (designed to see through trees) have been tracking squat Soviet-built trucks or farmers trying to grow rice at night; laser-guided bombs and TV-guided missiles have been loosed on buffalo, trucks, rice storehouses, homes, and peasants alike. More than two million tons of ordnance have been dropped, $5-10 billion spent.

By the admission of American officials closely associated with the war there, Laos has been the most heavily bombed country in the history of aerial warfare.

—The Washington Post, *May 23, 1971*

Hundreds of case histories of bombing casualties have been recorded on film and tape in the refugee camps. Several thousand refugees, several hundred defectors, and Western observers who have visited these zones all report constant bombing of towns and villages and widespread destruction.

Each one of the refugees interviewed from both northern and southern Laos said that his village was either partially or totally destroyed by

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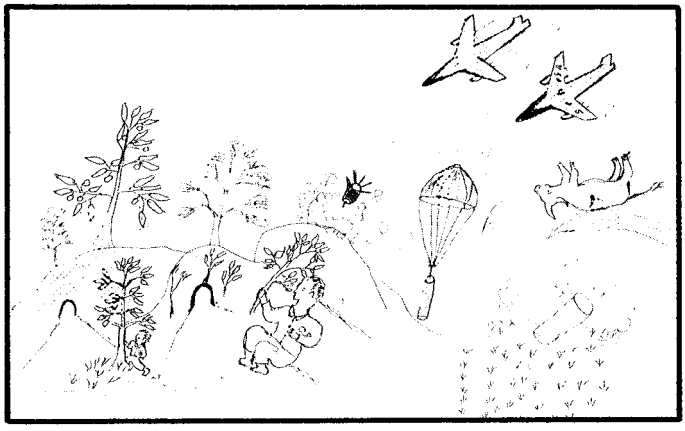
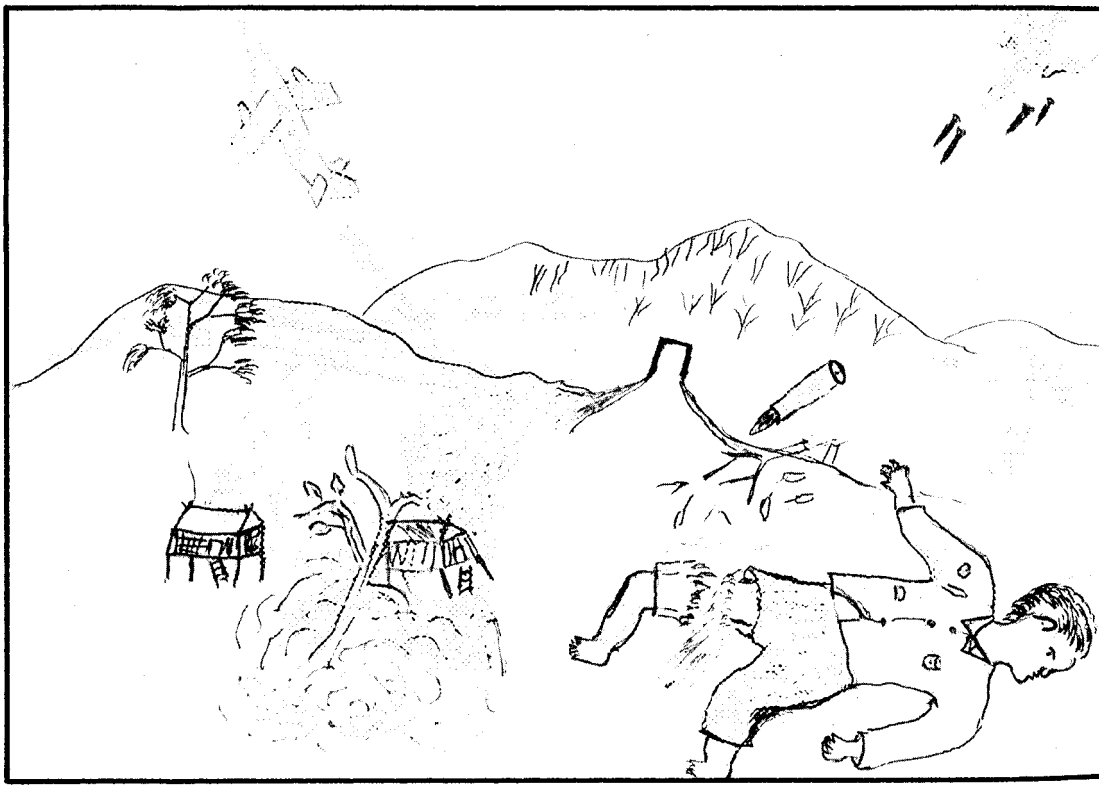
In the first year of the airplanes, we still went to thresh rice in the rice field. But the airplanes came and dropped bombs of napalm, burning our rice. It caused us to have no rice to eat. And in the holes in the forest still we had no rice to eat.

—by a 29-year-old man

I was out with my young relative who had been a novice monk. And there was the buffalo on top of the small hill at the side of the rice field. The planes came and dropped a flare that night and then they shot up my rice field. At that, I went to look at the buffalo but then I saw that it had already died at the top of the hill.

—by a man, age unknown





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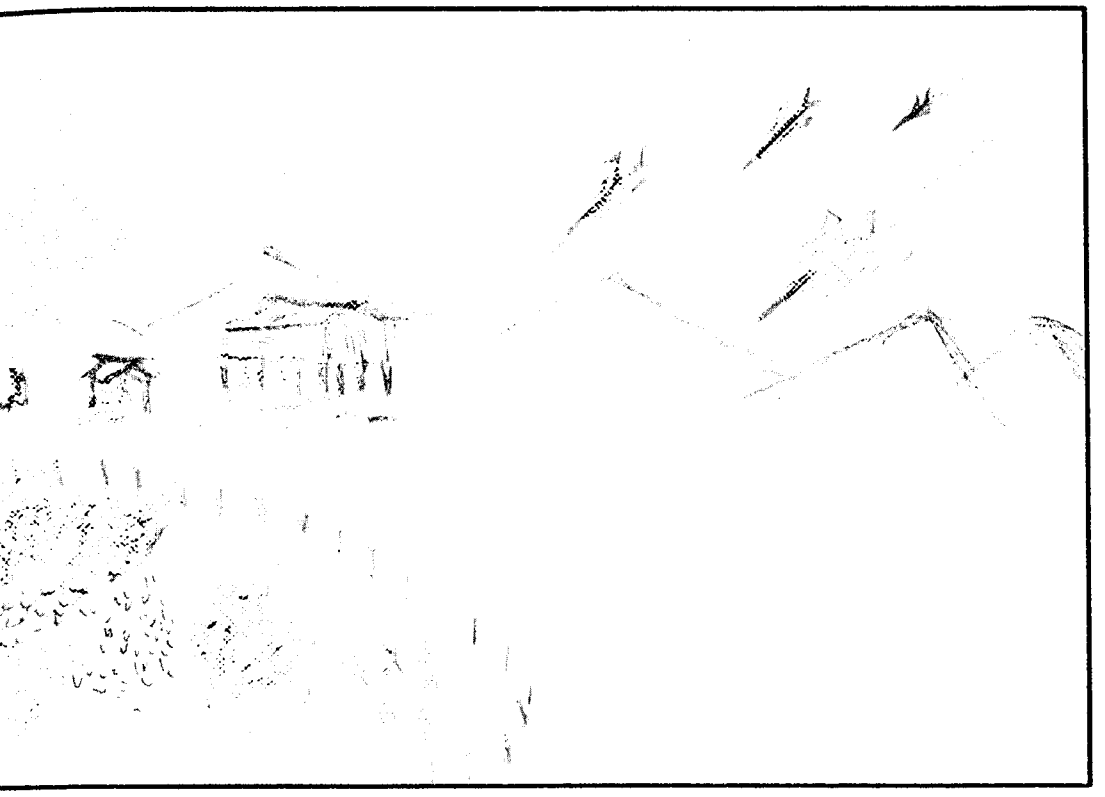

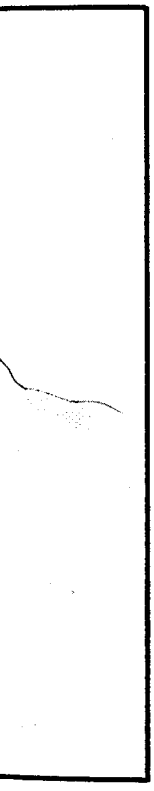

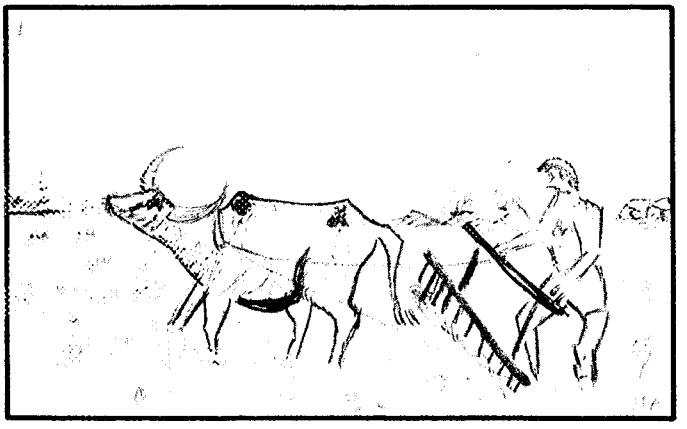

That day, I had gone very early to harrow the rice field, but then there was the plane bombing. I thought, "I am only a village rice farmer, the airplane will not shoot me." But that day truly it did shoot me and wounded me together with my buffalo, which was the source of 100,000 loves and 100,000 worries for me.

–by a 33-year-old man

One day the airplanes came to drop the bombs and shoot the rockets so that my village burned. I had gone home to get some belongings in the houses together with my friend. But my friend did not get back to the hole in time. He was shot by the airplanes. His leg was broken and he died, for always. But for me, I had reached the hole already.

–by a 17-year-old man

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American bombers while he still resided there, or that beginning in 1969 the planes came "like the birds," as one old man put it, "and the bombs fell like the rain."

All refugees and defectors say the guerrilla soldiers avoided the villages, neither bivouacking in them nor storing arms and ammunition in them. All say that the vast majority of the casualties from the bombing were civilian and not military, as the soldiers were out in the forest and could not be found.

A significantly high number of casualties are children and old people. When asked why, refugees explain that the children like to "play around" too much and get caught in the open and, confused with terror, do not make it to the holes. Old people "often could not hear well or could not run fast enough," one chief of a Plain of Jars sub-district explained. He also said that most of the casualties were due to anti-personnel bombs dropped in or near the villages, but that napalm, fragmentation bombs, and 500-pound bombs were also frequently dropped. "During 1969 about 45 per cent of the people, mostly old people and women, never left their trenches or caves at all. They were too afraid. The others would go out and do their work if they didn't hear the planes coming."

Various press reports suggest that the same kind of bombing is going on in guerrilla-controlled zones of Cambodia. Population estimates for these zones begin at one million. The air war is still relatively new there, and as a result, refugees who have lived for long periods of time in guerrilla areas have not yet come into friendly regions. But private interviews with informed American sources indicate that the bombing of civilian targets in Cambodia is as extensive as in Laos.

One of the most heavily bombed areas has been the Plain of Jars, located in northeastern Laos and controlled by the Pathet Lao since 1964. If Khe Sanh and My Lai were the symbols of American ground intervention during the 1960s, the Plain is the symbol of the automated war of the 1970s.

On the Plain, once Laos' most prosperous area, there were no American ground combat troops. As former Ambassador W. H. Sullivan told the U. S. Senate in April, 1971, the area was not related to the security of American ground forces in South Vietnam. American-supported Asian troops were likewise doing little fighting there.

George Chapelier, a Belgian U. N. advisor, has described what occurred: ". . . in 1969. . . jet planes came daily and destroyed all stationary structures. Nothing was left standing. The villagers lived in trenches and holes or in caves. They only farmed at night. In the last phase, bombings were aimed at the systematic destruction of the material basis of the civilian society."

In September, 1969, CIA-supported Meo troops went in and took out the remnants of what remained. Some 25,000 refugees were removed.

The Plain of Jars is today a deserted wasteland.

Sure, some of the villages get bombed, there's no other way to fight a war out here, for God's sake. It's a war, and the civilians have to suffer. We did it at Cherbourg, didn't we?

—L. Hafner, Deputy Director, USAID/Laos, January 4, 1971

All refugees talk about the bombing. They don't like [it]. But even if you found an example in which it was proven conclusively that houses were bombed, so what?

—J. Williamson, USAID refugee relief chief, Vientiane, February 2, 1971

While American officials concede that villages are frequently bombed, they tend to attribute this to Air Force "stupidity," "confusion," or "overkill." There is little doubt, however, that American policymakers also share the responsibility. Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Dennis

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J. Doolin has testified to Congress that in Laos "all United States operations, including our air operations, are controlled by the U. S. ambassador."

All indications are that the American ambassador has approved strikes against civilian targets in Pathet Lao zones. As Robert Shaplen has written in *Foreign Affairs*, an American goal has been to "destroy the social and economic fabric in Pathet Lao areas," in an attempt to weaken the communists' stronger ground army by depriving it of indigenous food supplies, disrupting communications, killing off potential recruits or porters, demoralizing the civilian population, and causing a refugee flow to friendly zones.

Informed sources indicate that this has largely been due to pressure from the CIA, which is heavily involved in targeting American bombing strikes in Laos. The CIA has its own photo-reconnaissance team, reconnaissance aircraft, and ground observers in Pathet Lao zones. Together with Air Force personnel, CIA representatives participate in weekly meetings at Udorn Air Force Base in Thailand to draw up target listings.

Largely because of its direction of the Armee Clandestine, an indigenous paramilitary force, the CIA, sources say, has consistently placed inhabited villages on the target list in an attempt to weaken the Pathet Lao.

It is certainly clear that the American embassy has taken few steps to enforce the Rules of Engagement (military rules of warfare that prohibit attacks on civilians). To this day, only one junior Foreign Service officer has been assigned to check proffered target listings. Virtually no mechanism has been established to monitor strikes, and there are no known instances of disciplinary action being taken against pilots for bombing civilian targets in Pathet Lao zones, although a few have been punished for strikes on friendly villages.

Now the cabinet is in deep discussion of a series of proposals by General Henri Navarre, commander in chief in Indochina, that the war be increasingly turned over to the Vietnamese themselves, permitting France to reduce the burden on its manpower and economy.

—Life, *August 3, 1953*

The bombing of villages results most fundamentally from a 25-year-long American refusal to allow guerrilla forces to come to power in Indochina.

Richard Nixon's first public admission on April 17, 1971, that withdrawal hinges on keeping a non-communist government explains the reliance on bombing.

For Asian ground armies alone will hardly accomplish what 550,000 American troops could not. The ARVN, whatever its improvement in the last five years, remains riddled with corruption, elitism, and poorly motivated conscripts. As their raping, looting and indiscriminate shelling of towns has shown in Cambodia, they have yet to master the most elemental rules of ground warfare in Indochina. Their failures in Laos, and their loss of 54 posts in the "pacified" Mekong Delta during the first four months of 1971, have surprised few old Indochina hands.

The Lon Nol army, although its soldiers' courage is often admirable, has made little headway, even with ARVN help. The guerrillas now control from 60 to 70 per cent of Cambodia.

The Royal Lao Army and CIA-directed Armee Clandestine in Laos are even weaker. With the communist capture of the Bolovens Plateau in May of this year, the Royal Lao government now controls little more than the major towns.

And the Royal Thai army is something of a standing joke in South Vietnam. Assigned to guard one corner of Long Binh base, its major accomplishment to date has been mastering the complexities of the black market.

At this writing, Asian troops are essentially playing a supplemental role: serving as live bait to lure the enemy out into the open for the

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bombers, as in the February, 1971, Laotian invasion; searching for enemy supplies, as in the A Shau valley; taking out refugees, as on the Plain of Jars; and guarding the major bases and towns. In any case, we risk Vietnamization because we do not have to rely on it. We rely on the bombs.

Me Ou was 59 when she died on February 20, 1969. It was a cold day and she decided to leave the trench about 3 p.m. to get some clothing for herself and the children. The jets bombed while she was in the house. She was burned alive.

—Me Ou's son-in-law, Plain of Jars

Domestic pressures generated by the ground war have also played a part in the shift to air. The Vietnam ground war costs more in money and in lives. The American people will not continue to pay the price that has already come to $100 billion spent, 50,000 dead, 300,000 wounded—nor will the troops, who are now in grassy-headed revolt.

The air war, however, provides few such problems. Although its cost is considerable, probably over $10 billion annually, much of the money used for upkeep of air bases and development of new aerial technology would be spent even without the air war.

Charles Schultze, former director of the Bureau of the Budget, estimates that costs above normal upkeep of bases and production of aircraft are $2-3 billion for 1972. And more important, U. S. casualties are minimal from the air. American pilots, freed from the discomforts of the ground war, and rarely seeing the people they kill, tend to raise fewer complaints.

Perhaps most important of all, information about the air war is as ethereal as the atmosphere itself. It can be kept far from public and congressional consciousness; and, since there are no tales of atrocities and few pictures of the bombing, domestic reaction to its more questionable moral aspects is muted.

The U. S. public is generally unaware of the massive bombing in Laos, for example. Newsmen have not been permitted to go out on bombing raids over Laos, although they can go over South Vietnam. They have usually not been allowed to interview the American air attache in Vientiane or the pilots bombing Laos from Thailand. When asked, official spokesmen merely deny that civilian targets are bombed, and almost all information is classified beyond public reach.

The most dramatic example of what freedom an air war allows the government occurred in November, 1968, when criticism of the well-publicized bombing of North Vietnam had reached its peak. President Johnson halted the bombing, a move still regarded by the antiwar forces as one of the few important victories of the peace movement.

But the bombing never stopped. It just shifted to northern Laos, leading to far greater destruction of villages than occurred in North Vietnam. There was no public reaction, however. Neither the people, nor their congressmen, even knew it had happened.

In August, 1969, the jets bombed. Nang Pha Sii, my daughter-in-law, was in a trench. A bomb landed nearby, killing her father and wounding her mother and two other villagers. She was killed, shielding her year-old baby with her body. Soldiers? Oh, they didn't come near the villages. They knew they'd be bombed.

—Nang Pha Sii's mother-in-law, Plain of Jars

The opportunities the bombing provides for developing and testing sophisticated weaponry is another factor leading to its continuation. While a foot soldier can support just so much new technology on his back, the air war provides a vessel to be filled with all the gadgetry of the nuclear age.

This is seen as giving us important advantages over our adversaries. "The Russians are going nuts over what we're learning out here. They're dying that they can't test their stuff out,"

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explained one happy pilot at Danang Air Force Base last November.

Later on, the pilot added one of the standard comments heard on Air Force bases in Indochina: "It may sound trite, but it's the only war we've got. Do you realize this is the only place in the world right now where you can drop live bombs?"

Although the number of bases has decreased by four in 1970, Pacific Air Force installations still stretch from Hawaii to Thailand. The command's area of responsibility covers roughly 40 per cent of the earth's surface—an area with a population of more than one-billion people living under the flags of 27 nations. Pacific Air Forces has justly earned the title "Guardians of the Pacific."

—Air Force *magazine, May 1971*

Only as one drives past the paddy fields and samlor drivers onto an American air base in Indochina does one begin to appreciate just how awesome a military force the Blue Machine is.

Miles of roads stretch as far as the eye can see (an airman, perhaps apocryphally, is said to have measured the roads on Korat Air Force Base and found that there were enough for a two-lane highway to Peking and back). There are thousands of pre-fab structures, quonset huts, trailers, tents, wooden and cement buildings; acres of hospitals, commissaries, canteens, nightclubs, restaurants, swimming pools, barracks, gasoline pumps, garages, buses, trucks, jeeps, radios, radar installations, warehouses, offices, and hangars; millions of gallons of fuel on the "fuel farm"; closed-circuit TV and radio and giant movie theaters.

Thousands of American and Asian personnel drive, scurry, loll about: pilots, radio operators, mechanics, bomb-loaders, fuse-installers, "fuel farmers," gas-pump operators, drivers, electricians, carpenters, janitors, doctors, medical orderlies, lawyers, chaplains, cooks, MPs, guards, loaders, stackers, waiters, "hooch-girls," secretaries, clerks, information officers, launderers, photo interpreters, gunners, navigators, men wearing the uniforms of the Air Force, Navy, Marines, Army, Air America, Continental Air Service, and Pan American and Northwest airlines.

And then there are the planes constantly taxiing, taking off, flying, landing—sleek, squat, giant, tiny, silver, camouflage-green.

And finally, of course, the ordnance.

There are five such installations in South Vietnam, with some 40,000 American airmen; five in Thailand, with 25,000 airmen; four to six aircraft carriers operating in and out of the Gulf of Tonkin, with some 10-20,000 personnel; and a dozen smaller American-directed bases throughout Indochina for indigenous air forces.

These installations are, of course, but a small part of the Blue Machine. A logistics network stretching through 18 major air bases in the Pacific back to 112 in the United States provides the men and planes necessary to keep the bombs falling.

I'm as liberal, as much for peace as anyone else. But war is not a pretty thing. In a guerrilla war, the civilians are going to pay a price. War has now progressed to a point where you're going to bomb civilian targets and that's it. I'll be frank. I'm trained to kill people. I don't like it particularly. But when the time comes, I'm prepared to do it."

—American F4 pilot, Saigon, November 14, 1970

The image of the Air Force that most Americans grew up with was embodied in the fighter pilot. We still think in terms of World War II movies: blue-eyed, blond-haired young men soaring into the sky to defend God and country against the heathen Kraut or Jap.

The Air Force itself is still modeled after this tradition. The F4 and F105 jets, which have done most of the bombing in Indochina, are designed as

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fighters, not bombers. The training emphasis for pilots is still on the techniques of aerial combat, the need to establish "air superiority."

The pilots have fought few aerial duels in Indochina, however. And bombing villages just hasn't been the same thing. As long as bombing went on in Vietnam, morale remained high. The relatively significant number of military targets, the heavy antiaircraft fire in North Vietnam satisfied the pilots' need for a challenge. And in South Vietnam, the goal of providing air support for the 550,000 American troops on the ground seemed worthy enough. As one pilot explained, "Bombing for troops in combat is the most satisfying. It's really great to have them tell you afterwards, 'We'd have been overrun if you hadn't come.' I really like working with people."

With the switch to bombing Laos and Cambodia, the raison d'etre of the Air Force seems to have disappeared. Antiaircraft fire is relatively light. Plane losses in Laos have averaged four a month for the last year, for example, compared to 20 a month in North Vietnam during 1965-1968. There are no American units to support. There are few large bridges, factories, or other targets which seem worth hitting.

Pilot: Our 500-pound nape canisters are newer, they have a better dispersal pattern than the older 1,000-pounders.

Information officer: Hey, you're not supposed to talk about the napalm.

Pilot: No shit. Why not?

Information officer: Well, you know those college kids. Pretty soon they're going to put poor Dow Chemical out of business. You're not supposed to talk about it to the press.

Pilot: Well, it seems pretty ridiculous to me that people can be so emotional about how you kill people. What's so bad about nape anyway?

—conversation at Danang Air Force Base, November 1970

The pilots themselves tend to be an odd combination of hot rodder and technocrat. On the one hand, they spend a good deal of time discussing the technical details of their work and take it quite seriously. On the other hand, as one pilot says, "Pilots are more immature than most civilians their age. They sort of like to play cowboys and Indians. That's part of the attraction of being a pilot." On a visit to Danang Air Force Base, I was surprised to see sharks' teeth and mouths painted on the noses of the F4s. "It's good for morale," a pilot explained proudly.

Pilots tend to get restless without a challenge. This has led to increasing frustration with their role in the last two-and-a-half years. One pilot explained, "You go up over Laos and it's just not that satisfying. All you're doing is bombing roads and inanimate objects. But even that's more exciting than South Vietnam. In Laos at least you get some antiaircraft fire."

Such problems were illustrated in a long interview with several F4 pilots at Danang in November, 1970. Conversation for the first several hours, as is usually the case, was rather dry and technical. Discussion focused on the capabilities of different aircraft and kinds of ordnance, weapons-delivery systems, and navigational problems.

At one point, however, the pilots were asked if they got any feedback on people killed in action as a result of their raids. As the men in the room began to chuckle, one pilot explained: "You've hit on a rather sore point, you know. You could say there's kind of a controversy between us and the grunts on that subject." He then went on to explain that the pilots felt that the foot soldiers were taking credit for aerially-inflicted casualties.

The pilots grew gradually more and more indignant as they told personal anecdotes of having been "robbed" of "kills." A typical example was given by the pilot who exploded, "One day we went in over a North Vietnamese military camp on top of a mountain.

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It was right out in the open, so we could see it and everything. We plastered the place, napalm, 500-pounders, the works. I know we had kills, you could see people running all over the place, buildings burning, There was no way for there to be no KIA. But do you know what happened? The grunts came in and reported 25 enemy killed by ground fire. All they did was shoot their M16s into the corpses and then claim they'd killed them. The nerve. Can you imagine?"

Such haggling over body counts does not, of course, satisfy the pilots' competitive urges. And though they try to compensate by striving to win the "Gunfighter of the Month" award—based on percentage of bombs dropped in the target area—it hardly suffices. As one F4 pilot said, "Bombing the North really keeps morale up. Every man likes to feel that he's an adventurer. I'll tell you, it's exciting to come down the chute with the flak flying all around you. The general attitude around here is 'let's keep the war going, it's dying.' "

. . . our air activities are governed by strict Rules of Engagement and Operations Authorities designed to minimize civilian casualties.

—Assistant Secretary of Defense Doolin, Kennedy hearings, May 1970

. . . the United States Air Force contribution was limited to striking at [military targets]. . . it was the policy not to attack populated areas.

—former Ambassador W. H. Sullivan, Symington hearings, fall 1969

The pilots' indifference to the air campaign in Laos and Cambodia is a major factor in the constant strikes against villages. As one pilot who has bombed in both northern and southern Laos explains it, "Sure, we're supposed to follow the Rules of Engagement, like not bombing within 500 meters of an active village. But all of these rules and regulations don't mean shit when you have a guy in an aircraft. Ninety-five per cent of the guys have no qualms about dropping bombs anywhere. Very few differentiate where the hell they bomb."

The bombing of civilians is also a result of the fact that pilots cannot easily locate military targets in Laos and Cambodia. The guerrillas move through the forest at night in small groups. There are no munitions factories or exposed military camps, and arms depots are hidden underground. And since the targets that are traceable, such as trucks, are of minor importance, pilots tend not to risk bombing from lower altitudes. "When you go down in Laos, you don't face a very bright future," an F4 pilot said, "and frankly, I'm just not going to risk my ass for a goddamned truck." From higher up, especially in the monsoon season, the bombing takes place without the pilot ever seeing the ground below. It is not surprising that one pilot estimated that only one of ten bombs generally falls anywhere near the target. Many of these bombs fall on villages, for, in places like Laos and Cambodia, most villages are located on or near the road. "When you have to bomb trucks one by one, you're going to kill hundreds and hundreds of civilians," one pilot says.

Pilots who cannot locate any targets are discouraged from wasting their bombs by dumping them at sea or in unoccupied forest. "The pilot who doesn't get rid of his ordnance somehow," a pilot says, "is a rare exception." So they end up striking the only thing they can see from the air—villages.

Nixon Administration officials, as did those in the Johnson and Kennedy Administrations, say that never before has such care been taken to spare civilians in bombing raids.

—George Wilson, The Washington Post, *April, 1971*

Another factor leading to low Air Force morale has been the military ineffectiveness of the bombing.

The major success claimed for the bombing by the Pentagon is that it destroys seven of eight trucks moving down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. This appears to be more a reflection of

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what some of us call the "Leff Syndrome," however, than reality.

Arnie Leff, an Air Force doctor at Udorn Base in Thailand, achieved some local fame during the great Gonorrhea Crisis in the fall of 1969. Charged with controlling venereal disease for Udorn's airmen, Leff was instructed by his hospital commander to get the rate below one case per 1,000 men per day for the month of December, 1969. Trying his best, the good doctor lectured, charted, and examined. But, alas, the rate was still 1.5. A hospital superior ordered him to lower the figures anyway. Although he refused, Leff later found it common practice elsewhere for rates to be finagled. Incensed, Leff asks, "If they'd change gonorrhea rates, what else would they falsify?

All available evidence suggests that they falsify the high "truck-kill" ratio.

No less an authority than former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, after all, revealed in the fall of 1968 that bombing raids on the Ho Chi Minh Trail had reduced the flow of men and supplies by no more than 10-15 per cent.

Subsequent events seem to bear this analysis out: communist successes against the South Vietnamese invasion in February 1971; the uncovering of supply complexes in the A Shau Valley in May, 1971; significant guerrilla advances in southern Laos during the same month; the ongoing communist military success in Cambodia despite the closing of Sihanoukville port. All this suggests that however many trucks are being destroyed from the air, communist forces are suffering few serious supply problems.

My way of killing people is better than their way. The Pathet and North Vietnamese are a plague. We have to eliminate them. They have no regard for human life.
—F4 pilot, Danang, November 28, 1970

Despite the inefficiency of the bombing, there is little likelihood that it will be halted.

The Air Force argues strongly that bombing has been most successful. Even where it admits limited failure, as for example in the inability of the bombing of North Vietnam to halt the flow of supplies into the South, it ascribes this to improper constraints placed on it by civilians.

As one F4 pilot put it, "Targeting for air war North was done by Washington. This gives the enemy the advantage. The whole problem comes from Kennedy's 'flexible response' idea. You hit me on the foot, I hit you on the ankle. You hit me on the knee, I hit you on the shin. But it doesn't work. If you hit me on the foot, I should slug you with a club and put you out of commission.

"I'm not saying we were right. Let's face it, we just attacked the fuckers. But when we did decide to bomb them, we should have kicked the shit out of them."

Some critics see an element of cynicism in continued Air Force claims of success. They suggest that they are produced to justify more money from Congress, and more weapons development.

While there may be some truth in this, there seems no doubt that Air Force personnel are by and large sincere in their belief that bombing has been effective, not because it has cut off supply lines, but because it has made the enemy "pay a price" for his conquests. Guerrillas in Indochina, it is argued, are an implacable force bent on military victory, and whatever we do to make it more difficult for them is justifiable.

This war from the pilot's standpoint is a very impersonal one, whether or not you believe the goals that the government prescribes for us. Most of the pilots just go along and figure, well, it's a job. You fly. You see flak at night. That's about as close to war as we get. Sometimes you get shot down, but you don't see any of the explosions. You can look back and see 'em, but you don't see any of the blood or any of the flesh. You go out, fly your mission, you come back to your air-conditioned hooch and

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drink beer or whatever. You're not in contact with it. . . .

—Randy Floyd, Marine Corps pilot

The increasing automation of the American military effort in Indochina will have an impact extending far beyond that unhappy region. One of its far-reaching ramifications is the change it is bringing to the psychology of warfare.

It is not only that few of the Laotian or Cambodian peasants presently living under the bombing have no idea what an American is, why the United States is bombing them—it is also that few of the Americans involved in the air war have ever seen a Laotian or Cambodian.

Navigators plot bombing raids on coordinates, not villages; pilots pull levers from thousands of feet up, not triggers at human forms 100 yards away; photo interpreters see bomb craters and destroyed "enemy structures," not headless children or napalmed grandmothers; a Stinger pilot —whose machine can put a bullet every square foot in an area the size of a football field—stares ahead into the inky darkness, periodically firing when two pips on his computer coincide. Any corpses below lie far from his consciousness.

And those few Americans who do know Laotians or Cambodians express little but warmth and affection for them. The past and present American ambassadors to Laos, for example, both speak frequently—and no doubt sincerely—of their deep admiration for its people. Neither has shown any noticeable discomfort as they wander through Laotian refugee camps, chatting and smiling with people against whom they had earlier approved bombing raids.

In the Era of the Blue Machine, war is gradually becoming a technical exercise, bereft of malice or rancor, an elemental expression of the art of killing. Men are increasingly freed from the hatred, doubts, greed, or rationalizations that killing usually entails. The issue of guilt is becoming meaningless, conscience irrelevant. The pilot, bomb-loader, and the policymaker have no intention to kill. Psychologically, therefore, they do not.

The attack or bombardment, by whatever means, of towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings which are undefended is prohibited.

—Article 25, Hague Convention on Land Warfare, 1907

The issue of war crimes is reduced to absurdity.

The chief U. S. prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, Telford Taylor, talks of two principles which establish aerial bombardment as a war crime: 1) if the means of bombardment of civilian targets are disproportionate to their military value; and 2) if bombing is carried out against civilians in reprisal for military acts over which they have no control.

In rural theaters such as Laos or Cambodia, any means of bombardment would be disproportionate—enemy stores and soldiers are not located in the villages. Antiaircraft positions are not located there, either.

Moralists may wonder why an Ambassador Godley continues overseeing bombing strikes in Laos while a Lieutenant Calley languishes in jail. The lieutenant, after all, was convicted for killing unarmed and unresisting civilians. And bombing strikes in Laos, for which the ambassador bears responsibility, are killing unarmed and unresisting civilians as a matter of course.

But that is precisely the point. In countries such as Laos, the act of automated war itself is the war crime. There are no Calleys or Medinas to accuse.

And barring the unlikely event of the superstate itself being vanquished, its policymakers are hardly likely to admit to—let alone convict themselves of—war crimes.

A lot of people in the States underestimate what we're up against. They're just primitive little jungle

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fighters, sure. But they're shrewd, good tacticians. They have equipment, too, like the SAMs up North. And they use a lot of the stuff we discard, like tin cans. They make fuses out of them. And they'll make a damn good booby trap out of a couple of boards and some nails.

—F4 pilot, Danang Air Force Base

As such a war continues, ideological, economic, and political considerations assume a secondary role.

Perhaps when the war began it was primarily a struggle between freedom and communist totalitarianism, as conservatives see it; or perhaps it was a conflict between American imperialism and national liberation, as the left claims.

But today, with South Vietnam being run by its American-imposed Curtis LeMays, few U.S. leaders claim that democracy is really a factor in the war. Ideological and political questions have long since dimmed in importance, since most people within Indochina have already decided what side they are on. After an expenditure of over $100 billion, the U. S. economic motives have diminished, too.

The main concerns, from the American side, are technical in nature: developing sensors which will allow instantaneous, automatic, and pinpoint bombing of enemy guerrillas; getting hand-held lasers into use instead of ineffective aircraft-directed beams; applying new and better forms of ordnance.

For the guerrillas the war has become primarily a question of persevering, of developing courage, patience, and near-mystical faith in their troops, of continuing to meet technological developments from the air with increased ingenuity and resourcefulness.

It is Ho Chi Minh himself who is said to have remarked to a graduating class of sappers, the elite units of the North Vietnamese army, "You are our answers to the B52s."

The war in Indochina today has become primarily one of technology versus the human spirit.

The biggest problem I had was to restrain my men's enthusiasm. If I asked for volunteers, all my men would argue to be the first chosen. "Let me do it, they killed my mother!" "No, let me go, they destroyed my village," they would say. Were we afraid of the planes? Oh, no. If they stayed up high, they couldn't hit us. If they came down low, we could shoot them down. We were very angry. The planes didn't come to bomb the soldiers, they tried to kill the villagers. The villagers are just rice farmers. They didn't do anything against those pilots.

—Pathet Lao defector, former captain.

The human spirit seems to be triumphing. Interviews with Pathet Lao defectors indicate that far from breaking the enemy's will, the bombing strengthened it. "Before, maybe only 20-30 per cent of the young men would volunteer to join the Pathet Lao army," explains one defector. "But by 1969, 90 per cent and more wanted to join. Nobody really understood what the Pathet Lao meant by 'American imperialism' before the planes came. But by 1969 the attitude was 'better to die fighting than hiding in the holes.' "

In an arena where American-supported ground forces are as lacking in motivation as they are, such sentiments on the other side are a key factor. At this writing, communist guerrillas are the only force in Indochina who believe they know what they are fighting for.

The influx of more than 30,000 refugees from heavily bombed areas during 1970 has made the bombing common knowledge in American-supported zones. Laotians of all political stripes are opposed to the bombing because it caused hardship to their fellow Laotians against whom they bear no enmity, and because they believe it widened the war. They blame Souvanna Phouma's government in part for permitting it. Conversely, they admire the Pathet Lao for standing up to it.

The war in Laos has always been

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for essentially political ends. The communists have made it clear they are not planning to take over the major towns militarily. The bombing has undoubtedly aided them in achieving a political victory. This may later be true of the other countries as well, making one wonder whether technology can keep up with the growing opposition to the U. S. in Vietnam, if we will resort to even more effective bombs to keep down more strengthened wills.

I can assure you that my words are those of a devoted pacifist. My very hardest job is to give out medals of honor. If I lived in another country that wanted to be sure and retain its right to self-determination, I would say: "Thank God that the United States exists at this moment of history." We are not bent on conquest or on threatening others. But we do have a nuclear umbrella that can protect others. This is the moral force behind our position. We could be a terrible threat to the world if we were to lose that restraint.

—Richard Nixon, interview with C. L. Sulzberger, The New York Times, *March 10, 1970*

The issues raised by the air war go far beyond the personal culpability or motives of American leaders. For if the last few years have shown anything, it is that technological growth has a dynamic of its own, independent of the will of individuals. American leaders are more products of this process than its conscious manipulators, more the Man in the Grey Flannel Suit—or sometimes the Mad Hatter—than Big Brother.

The change in the Laos air war from a limited number of prop bombers dropping 500-pound bombs outside of populated areas to hundreds of jet and B52 bombers using laser and TV-guided missiles does not appear to be the result of a series of carefully planned decisions. It was just part of ongoing technological development. The war kept up with the advances; each new improvement was put into action.

Dow, Honeywell, and Lockheed did their part; so did the Air Force, Marines, and Navy, the State Department and the CIA, Standard Oil and Gulf. The momentum was more powerful than the people within it; a belief in technology covered the horrors, much as a belief in religion protected the Inquisition. And without anybody really understanding or caring, thousands of Indochinese villages were destroyed in the process.

The roar of the bombs and the noise of the planes frightened me terribly. Our life became like one of animals who search to escape the butchers. Each day, across the forests and ditches, we sought only to escape from the bombs. When looking at the face of my innocent child, I could not stop crying for his future. Why do the men in this world not love each other, not live together in peace, not build happiness in development and progress? Human beings, whose parents cherished them, died from the explosions of the bombs. Who then thinks about the affection and love their parents felt for them? As for the other men, do they know all the unimaginable atrocities which can happen here in this war?

—from essay by 35-year-old woman refugee from Plain of Jars

The questions raised in this, the third year of the Era of the Blue Machine, really have less to do with men than Man.

What does it mean, after all, when the strongest of the species is systematically killing and maiming some of the weakest? . . . the most prosperous regularly destroying the homes and belongings of some of the poorest? . . . the most industrialized constantly devastating the land and food supplies of some of the most rural? . . . and the most technically advanced using their most sophisticated weaponry against a people who pose the most marginal of challenge to their interests?"

In a nuclear age such questions are of more than passing concern. ■

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The Vested Oracles: How Industry Regulates Government

By Lee Metcalf

The main complaints about the more than 1,500 advisory committees to the federal government have been directed at the ones that don't do anything significant, or never meet. Such groups as the Tea Tasters and the International Screw Thread Commission have been dodging flak from budget-minded critics who say there is no reason for the $75 million a year the government puts out for these and like ventures.

The nation might be better off, however, if the healthy, active, and influential advisory committees, especially those from industry, would adopt the ways of their inactive companions. For in the realm of advisory committees, the ones that don't say anything seem to be much less detrimental and costly to the public interest than those that do.

Industry advisory committees exist inside most important federal agencies, and even have offices in some. Legally, their function is purely as kibitzer, but in practice many have become internal lobbies—printing industry handouts in the Government Printing Office with taxpayers' money, and even influencing policies. Industry committees perform the dual function of stopping government from finding out about corporations while at the same time helping corporations get inside information about what government is doing. Sometimes, the same company that sits on an advisory council that obstructs or turns down a government questionnaire is precisely the company which is withholding information the government needs in order to enforce a law.

The industry advisory groups enjoy a favored position over other non-industry special interests and even public interest groups. If the environmentalists, for instance, asked to sit in while government policy was being made and to have free access to the

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files of the Environmental Protection Agency, they would be scoffed at. But this is exactly the position the nation's largest companies enjoy inside the Defense Department, the Department of Commerce, and elsewhere. Because of their quasi-official status, advisory councils are aware of potential policy changes and inter-agency dissensions that may help them oppose government actions.

As early as February, 1962, President Kennedy, concerned about the use and abuse of government advisory committees, issued an executive order "prescribing regulations for the formation and use of advisory committees." Among the requirements Kennedy imposed were: 1) annual publication of the names of members (and their affiliations) of all advisory committees, 2) a full-time salaried officer or employee of the government chairing each committee, and 3) verbatim transcripts of all industry advisory committee meetings.

But each of these requirements carried a most convenient escape clause: the requirements could be dispensed with if the head of the department or agency felt that they "would be unduly costly or impracticable" or "would interfere with the proper functioning." Not surprisingly, in case after case, the agency heads, usually at the prodding of the advisory group itself, found that the waiving of these requirements was "in the public interest."

To combat the excesses of these committees, I introduced a bill in the 91st Congress to diversify the representation in the advisory groups in the Office of Management and Budget, at least. Eventually the bill died, but a more comprehensive one has been introduced in the current Congress, and hearings are now in progress.

Advisory committees proliferated in the early post-war years, when the public romance with private industry still blurred the collusion between government and corporations. Today, the advisory system still acts as if that climate were unchanged. Many do not even bother to create the appearance of impartiality, as was the case with the Civil Aeronautics Board Finance Advisory Committee, established in 1970 along with similar groups for consumer affairs and for labor. Airline finances are not merely the concern of banks and business; nevertheless, the committee was made up purely of men from those institutions. The committee even dispensed with the pretense of meeting in the CAB offices and convened for the first time at One Chase Manhattan Plaza, in the office of James P. Mitchell, chairman of the committee and also Chase Manhattan's vice president in charge of airline finances. The bank is the major creditor for five of the nine local service carriers and a major stockholder in two airlines. No wonder the committee dealt with the serious liquidity problem of the carriers and with Mitchell's suggestion for a large federal ante into the airlines' kitties to help them pay their bills.

Five weeks after I publicly cited the CAB case as an example of the partiality of advisory bodies, the CAB disbanded the committee. The rapidity with which they backed down may be evidence of the flimsy rationale for the entire industry advisory structure. But most committees continue to function.

Take the National Industrial Pollution Control Council. President Nixon created it in April, 1970, to advise the President and the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, through the Secretary of Commerce, on industrial pollution problems.

The President apparently felt that council effectiveness demanded the recruitment of the world's most renowned experts on pollution, for he set about naming representatives of companies that have the greatest experience in spewing filth and poison into our environment. He manned the council with 63 top executives of major polluting companies, including the chief officers of airlines and electric utilities, and producers and manufacturers of steel, automobiles, deter-

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gents, coal, petroleum, chemicals, beverage containers, and paper and wood products. The President charged the pollution advisory group with collecting data and evaluating "programs of industry relating to the quality of the environment." Not one member of the council represents conservation groups, consumers, universities, or other public interest groups.

Obviously, the National Industrial Pollution Control Council must be placed in the category of the rabbit sent to fetch the lettuce. The analogy certainly befits Bert S. Cross, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing. At the time of Cross' designation as council chairman, his company had been under order for four years by the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources to stop discharging sulfurous wastes into the municipal sewers of Prairie du Chien.

The pollution council conducts its meetings in a fashion quite unlike anyone conditioned by industry's environmental advertising would suppose. The October 14, 1970, meeting was not publicly announced. Several environmental and consumer organizations had heard rumors of the pending meeting and presented themselves at the Commerce Department that morning, requesting admission. They were denied entrance. Their request for a transcript of the industrial polluters' meeting was turned down, as were reporters' requests that the officials hold a post-meeting press conference.

The agenda for that meeting suggests why the environmentalists were barred. While only 10 minutes were allotted to Russell Train of the Council on Environmental Quality for discussion of the national pollution standards, one hour and 45 minutes was set aside for an exploration of tax breaks and incentives to promote pollution control.

The appearance of the environmentalists at the doors of the meeting apparently embarrassed both the Administration and the council. The next gathering, in February, 1971, convened in the State Department building, where security regulations prohibit entry of non-employees without special arrangements.

The February meeting added a new twist to the previous format. The industrialists were whisked over to the White House to stand on the lawn with the President and witness the effectiveness of new air pollution abatement equipment on commercial jetliners. First, a Boeing 727 took off from National Airport. Rising into view over the Jefferson Memorial, a trail of heavy, black smoke belched from the three jet engines. Another 727 quickly followed, trailing a remarkably smaller, less dense plume of exhaust.

The President and his visitors, official protectors of the environment that they are, delightedly hailed this demonstration as an example of the great, voluntary strides of industry in controlling pollution. But a member of my staff also observed the demonstration, coming away less impressed than the President and his polluters' council. My aide's feeling was that if the first plane had flown at as low a speed and climbed at as slight an angle as the second 727, it too might have significantly reduced its exhaust emissions.

The Polluters' Council

This little episode on the White House lawn demonstrates the industrial pollution council's function as a massive, government-established public relations arm of the world's worst polluters. Little more than one year after its inception, the council has published approximately 25 reports printed at public expense by the Government Printing Office, including a "Casebook of Pollution Cleanup Actions." These cleanup actions are "drawn from published accounts of individual company environmental accomplishments throughout American industry"—most of

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them reprinted from such highly unimpeachable sources as industry trade association publications and house magazines.

To be sure, each report carries the disclaimer that "it does not necessarily represent the views of the Department of Commerce or any other Government agency." Indeed, the research and writing of these reports is carried out entirely by industry. But the corporate polluters have now decided they will pass these reports to senators, congressmen, and the public as government pamphlets on the scientific facts of pollution.

Mike Manatos, associate director of governmental relations (a fine euphemism for lobbyist) at Procter and Gamble, pleaded in a recent letter to me that the idea that phosphates in detergents pollute is a "misguided notion." He was sure I wanted the "real rights and wrongs," so he provided me with "a new Commerce pamphlet which gives the full story."

The "new Commerce pamphlet" was, in fact, neither new nor Commerce's. Published in October, 1970, and superseded by a March, 1971, report, it did not represent the views of the Commerce Department, but rather only of the council of polluters. By May, 1971, portions of the October pamphlet discussing the chemical, NTA, were scientifically and legally incorrect. These discrepancies were rectified in the March report on detergents, but Procter and Gamble neglected to mention the council's March report, passing off the earlier pamphlet as Commerce's "full story."

The detergent report was not just an unfortunate mistake or an embarrassing oversight, but rather the logical result of the council's methods of operation and stacked membership. The detergents sub-council consists of eight industry members, including the president or chairman of Procter and Gamble, Lever Brothers, Purex, and Calgon. Moreover, the sub-council operates by the stated council rule that it "does not regard its assignment as including a responsibility to obtain, weigh, and reflect all other viewpoints as well, except to the extent that sound business advice regarding industry policies and programs so require."

The National Industrial Pollution Control Council is the President's one official advisory council on industrial pollution. The Administration's lack of enthusiasm for more balanced bodies is evidenced by comparing how quickly it staffs such industry committees—named either by the President or the heads of federal agencies—and how slowly it mans more representative councils, like the Advisory Council on Environmental Education. Established by Congress as part of the 1970 Environmental Education Act, this Office of Education advisory group provides guidance on environmental education programs. In setting it up, Congress required balanced membership, to include academic, scientific, medical, and legal representatives, as well as at least three ecologists and three students. Yet nearly nine months after its inception, the council has not met. In fact, it has no members, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Elliot Richardson having completely failed to comply with the congressional directive.

Even when the President conformed with a congressional mandate setting up a broadly based advisory committee on railroads, the result was simply another panel stacked with businessmen. In creating the National Railroad Passenger Corporation, Congress set up a 15-man financial advisory group. The law requires that these 15 members consist of six from investment, commercial banking, and railroads; two from the Treasury Department; and seven from "the public in the various regions of the Nation."

On December 1, 1970, the Department of Transportation announced the Administration's choices for this advisory body. All 13 non-government members came from business. The President did not appoint seven representatives of the public, and did

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not even bother to dig up a tamed, retired academician for window dressing.

Slow-Talking Polluter

Until last year very few people were aware even of the existence of such committees. My first experience with them and their influence came about six years ago, when I suggested that the Federal Power Commission ask the major utilities whether they gave money to specified right-wing organizations. The FPC pleaded that such an inquiry was impossible without Budget Bureau (now the Office of Management and Budget—OMB) approval. Budget, I learned, had to call the question form to the attention of something called the Advisory Council on Federal Reports, which in turn would buck the proposed form to one of its utility industry advisory committees.

This revelation sparked me to take a closer look at the operations of the Advisory Council. It dates back to 1942, when the Congress was inundated with small businessmen's pleas for legislation controlling the flood of forms and questionnaires resulting from wartime rationing and wage-price controls. In short order, Congress overwhelmingly enacted the Federal Reports Act of 1942, instructing Budget to coordinate governmental collection of information.

The director of Budget turned to officials of industry for advice on administering the new law. The industrialists promptly established the privately financed and operated Advisory Council, consisting of 16 committees on banking, broadcasting, chemicals, equal employment, fats and oils, meat packing, natural gas, oil, railroads, trade, and utilities. Subsequently, when federal agencies sent a proposed questionnaire to Budget for its evaluation and approval, the Bureau listed the questionnaire on "birdwatcher sheets" mailed to a few dozen industry and association representatives. If something on the sheets caught the corporate birdwatcher's eye, he would inform Budget of the need for a meeting of the industry advisory committee with the government agency responsible for the proposed form, and Budget would cordially comply.

The procedures, still followed in today's OMB, bring some strange results. For instance, a critical national inventory of industrial water wastes was delayed more than seven years by a filibuster of OMB and the advisory committees. In June, 1964, officials of the Public Health Service launched negotiations with 27 men from the various industry advisory committees, reviewing a Health Service inventory form designed to catalogue the composition, volume, and locations of water-contaminating industrial wastes. The advisory group, including representatives of such industrial giants as U. S. Steel, Consolidated Coal, and American Paper and Pulp, challenged the inventory on the basis that the

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data would find its way into the hands of the news media and opportunistic politicians. Further, they charged the survey—which was voluntary—would garner incomplete, outdated, and misleading information. Besides, they lamented the frightful costs to industry and the revelations of trade secrets that allegedly would result. After wrangling over the form for seven hours, the advisory committee adjourned, failing to resolve its conflict with the Public Health Service.

In 1968—four long years of mounting pollution after the initial advisory committee meeting—a new team of concerned bureaucrats tried to get the industry group to accept the inventory. The government environmental protectors faced several veterans of the meeting held several years earlier. Industry rehashed the old argument. The Budget Bureau again did not approve the inventory, thus awarding the decision to the polluters.

By last year, growing attention to this issue from Congress, the press, and Ralph Nader had created a public image problem for the Administration, forcing it to do something, if only to create the illusion of action. So it initiated a pilot, voluntary inventory. Just a few firms in each state, including, in many cases, small operators rather than big polluters, are asked to send in information. The result is that we still don't know who pollutes what, where, and how much.

The Intimate Caucus

OMB, of course, is not legally required to accept the objections of the industry advisory committees. But industry wins out because of its power and its experts, who can cajole and even intimidate government officials into seeing and doing things industry's way. Peter Petkas, an attorney with Nader, last year described a September, 1970, meeting he attended of the Communications Industry Committee of OMB's advisory council. The meeting, called to discuss a Federal Communications Commission questionnaire probing the effects of conglomerate ownership of broadcasting facilities, was packed with representatives of CBS, NBC, ABC, Westinghouse Broadcasting, and other communications corporations. The industry representatives, as Petkas put it, "quite literally put [the FCC man] through the wringer. For the first few hours he held his ground. . . . As time wore on he was more willing to accept industry criticism and to offer to make changes accordingly." As examples of the wearing-down process, Petkas cites an hour-and-a-half discussion as to which company official should sign the questionnaire and whether it should be notarized, and a three-hour bemoaning of NBC's difficulty in locating the necessary information in its files.

The discussion frequently focused on questions that OMB and industry claim are not supposed to be considered by the advisory committees. Petkas recounted industry inquiries concerning "agency policy, the depth of support among the commissioners for carrying out the survey, and the names of commissioners who were responsible for instigating it."

OMB had made no attempt to notify the FCC in advance of industry allegations and objections to the questionnaire, and, after eight hours of sometimes heated discussion, the advisory committee had reviewed merely five of the 17 questions on the form. The meeting then adjourned with the agreement that issues remaining between the industry people and the FCC be ironed out in "intimate caucus." When Petkas suggested that he might attend the "intimate caucus," he was bluntly uninvited by the committee's industry chairman and assured by the OMB reviewing officer that this closed, informal meeting between an OMB advisory committee and the FCC was none of Petkas' or OMB's business. OMB, it was explained, could not assure Petkas' admittance.

Prior to introduction of the Senate bill on advisory committees, OMB discouraged public knowledge of its

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advisory meetings. Today, public interest representatives can be notified of, and sometimes participate in, these gatherings, albeit as observers rather than members. But these changes, forced because of the bad light in which congressional hearings placed OMB and its advisory committees, do not address the more serious implications of industry's dominance of these groups and its quiet exercise of governmental power.

Five-Sided Profits

The Commerce groups may make the polluters look good and the OMB advisory groups may keep government away from industry's files, but it is at the Pentagon where the real potential of industry expertise is realized, where corporations can advise the government on how to help them make more money off federal contracts.

The Defense Industry Advisory Committee (called merely the Industry Advisory Committee, or IAC, since 1968—they dropped the "Defense" in deference to growing public opinion against militarism) was established in 1962 by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. All of its members, except the Deputy Secretary of Defense, who serves as chairman, are heads of corporations. And as of mid-1970, 12 of the 24 members were from among the top 40 defense contractors, their firms holding $6.12 billion in prime military contracts let last year.

When the IAC advises the Pentagon on defense profits, it advises from experience. It has negotiated both for changes in procurement rules and for higher profits, and its success can be measured by a recent General Accounting Office questionnaire that last year found an average 56 per cent profit based on equity invested in 146 negotiated defense contracts examined.

The IAC, wanting to minimize its success in the area of profits, worked to convince the GAO to write another draft of its report, highlighting new information voluntarily and unselfishly provided by industry, showing a lower profit margin of 21 per cent. The IAC prevailed—the final version of the GAO report de-emphasized the government's independent conclusions and upgraded the industry's data showing the lower figures.

Such is the influence of the closed, secretive board, whose nine-year history is shrouded in mystery. Its rules forbid members to "issue or make public statements regarding the work of the council without prior approval of the chairman," and rarely does the Pentagon reveal anything about IAC activities.

There's something in the IAC both for the Pentagon and for industry. On the government side, it permits the Pentagon to prevent or resolve conflicts between contractors in private, where arrangements can be worked out without the danger that a disgruntled contractor will complain to Congress or the press. Rumors still abound that the IAC was specifically established to smooth rumpled feelings surrounding the award of the TFX contract to General Dynamics rather than Boeing. William M. Allen, Boeing's chairman, was a charter member of IAC, serving from 1962 to 1969.

On industry's side, contractors gladly exchange the right to publicly protest for the chance to get inside the Pentagon, where things can be worked out amicably among friends and there is always enough for everybody. Being inside gives the IAC a way to influence procurement rules before they are promulgated, to criticize troublesome government regulations, reporting forms, and audits, and to get advance information on Pentagon decisions so there is still time for industry to apply pressure. IAC members also enjoy what all other private citizens' groups are denied—top-secret briefings on the war, Soviet technology, domestic militants, and the Administration's economic "game plan." Little wonder that some have

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tagged IAC as the "board of directors of the military-industrial complex."

The IAC had some influence on the changes in defense contracting that led to the cost-plus contracts and the lucrative overruns. And now it is moving to eliminate all competition between contractors as well. Arguing against the low profits that imperil national security, John Dresser, chairman of Dresser Industries, told the February, 1971, IAC meeting that actions must be taken to boost contractor earnings, that defense is inconsistent with haggling over the price, and that "the country will be best served without cutthroat competition."

Apparently, the Pentagon agrees. At the same meeting, Ron Fox, Assistant Secretary of Army Installations and Logistics, referred to a memorandum issued by Deputy Secretary David Packard which outlined major Pentagon policy changes in contracting. The new guidance provides for more cost-plus contracts and less competition, which, according to Fox, "will probably increase the actual profit earning on defense contracts."

Mini-Arms Race

Most of the IAC's work is carried on by subcommittees, such as the one on military exports that dates back to 1962. This subcommittee, representing a large variety of companies, has as its prime objective the selling of the Pentagon abroad by promoting overseas military sales and mini-arms races. Small countries provide a lucrative market for second-hand arsenals, and the IAC subcommittee helps convince them they need to be the first on their continent to have a surplus destroyer or an obsolete jet. At a June, 1967, meeting, Henry J. Kuss, Jr., Special Assistant for International Logistics, delivered to IAC the export subcommittee's recommendations for a joint industry/defense effort to expand the number of U. S. companies engaged in exporting weapons as well as the yearly volume of shipments overseas. Their approach seems not unlike a weapons' sale roadshow, including a more favorable policy on profits so as to stimulate export expansion; a combined effort by industry and the Departments of State, Commerce, and Defense to solicit foreign sales; and upgrading of "industrial-educational institutions" in the instruction of problems of military hardware export.

The IAC has also concerned itself with the possible threat to the defense industry from domestic unrest. After hearing the Army's Provost Marshal, Major General Lloyd B. Ramsey, imply that the increase in the national crime rate and the jump in "student unrest and disobedience" are indicators of a conspiracy to disrupt production, Mark Shepherd, Jr., president of Texas Instruments and IAC member since 1969, took the floor. In a paper specifically endorsed by several council members, Shepherd advocated an immediate and far-reaching program to combat the radical threat to industry. His program involves giving industry access to federal records and criminal data, so a job applicant can no longer conceal arrests for "loitering, illegal picketing, and disorderly conduct"—misdemeanor charges Shepherd views as indicators of "potential militancy."

In his conclusions, "wholeheartedly endorsed" by W. P. Gwinn, chairman of United Aircraft, and W. F. Rockwell, Jr., North American Rockwell's chief, Shepherd said that federal agencies, including the FBI, should share their intelligence with industry, and that special FBI agents should work closely with industry "to identify potential militants." He also proposed the establishment of a "central repository of criminal data for the purpose of screening job applicants."

Lest silly, groundless fears of civil libertarians and other bleeding hearts allay the government from taking industry's recommended course, United Aircraft's W. P. Gwinn warned that industry would do it themselves. Said Gwinn, "It is conceivable that if

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the present restrictions on the release of such information to industry are not modified, industry may in effect have to establish an undercover organization of its own in order to protect itself."

Advise and Deceive

But in reality this is what industry has already done through the vast and complex web of advisory committees. The growth of advisory groups in the last 30 years, and particularly in the last decade, has not benefited society through increased information and expertise in government. Rather, it has closed off the flow of information and reserved key governmental access points for the leaders of the corporate world. The widespread and pervasive influence of these committees marks the emergence of the American corporate state, where dominant political power is officially and quasi-officially invested in the massive industrial and financial conglomerates.

Clearly, we must eliminate this source of government by special interests. All unnecessary advisory committees certainly must go. And if some are indispensable, they should be open, representative bodies operating under adversary proceedings, thereby assuring that no interest will be officially enthroned. While not guaranteeing all societal interests equal political resources and influence, at least all interests will share an equal chance at information and access.

Prospects for such changes are not good. Even when diverse representation on advisory committees is legally mandated, the President puts himself above the law by either refusing to appoint the committees or stacking them with businessmen. In our present system, government by advisory committees, the public can have no more confidence in the advice of these panels than it has in the quality and reliability of the products of the industrialists who man them. ■

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POLITICAL NUMBERS:

The Rise of the Small State

Political Numbers, *analyzing election trends, public opinion, and voting patterns, will be a continuing feature.*

by Michael Rappeport

Two basic elements in the reality of American political life, the dominance of the Senate by Southern Democrats and the control of Democratic presidential politics by men from heavily populated industrial states, are being altered by the changing pattern in reelection probabilities of senators.

Senators from the North and from small states, generally more liberal than their Southern counterparts, are fast inheriting the power granted by the seniority system that many of them oppose. And for the first time in presidential politics since 1924, a small state may produce a Democratic presidential candidate.

These two changes have much to do with the fact that, for at least the last six years, the best predictor of an incumbent senator's reelection chances has been the population of his state—the smaller the state, the better the chance. In the three elections held during the last six years, only 29 of the 44 incumbents from the 25 most populated states were successful, while an incredible 43 of 47 incumbents were elected from the 25 smallest states. Of the 15 smallest states, only one senator (Gruening of Alaska) was defeated.

The increasing ability of small-state politicians to be reelected, and hence acquire seniority, coupled with the aging of many of the Southern senators, means that the key positions will be taken over by men of a different ideology who are beginning to enjoy the fruits of elective longevity. This trend may be further accelerated by the fact that eight out of 11 Southern states fall into the large category where reelection probabilities are statistically less.

There are now three distinct seniority blocs among the 55 Democratic senators. (I leave Republicans out of my calculation because their seniority is not significant as long as the Senate is controlled by the Democrats.) The first group, composed of senators elected before 1958, comprises 19 senators, 10 of them Southerners. These 10 men, among the most influential in the Senate, control nine committee chairmanships, including such major ones as Appropriations (Ellender, Louisiana) and Armed Services (Stennis, Mississippi). Six of them, however, will be 70 or older this year, three of whom will be 75 or more, and one is already past 80.

In this same bloc of the 19 senior senators, the nine Northerners are, on average, younger. Only one, Stuart Symington, will be 70 this year. Five

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of the nine Northerners are from small states.

Behind the senior group is a second bloc of 22 senators elected for the first time between 1958 and 1964, and reelected sometime during the last six years. Not a single Southerner appears in this group, which stands to inherit many Senate committee chairmanships in the next few years. Only four are in their 60s, while no less than six are under 50. A few of the Democratic senators in this group come from large states where chances of reelection are less, but at least 14 come from small states, where, as we see, reelection is a better bet.

Finally, there is the junior group of 14 men, including seven from the South, who arrived in the Senate in 1965 and after. They are, for the time being, cut off from seniority by the large middle group.

Part of the explanation for the differing election probabilities between states of different size may be that small states offer more opportunities for the incumbent to do favors for a higher percentage of his constituents, to saturate the area more completely with media campaigns, and to cover the state more thoroughly in his travels.

It is worth noting that, in an ideological sense, the real measure of the ineffectiveness of the Republican Senate campaign of 1970 is the extension, practically intact, of the group of mid-seniority Northern incumbents. Those who are concerned solely with the voting behavior of the 1971 Senate will see only a minute gain. However, those with a longer view see instead a liberal group well on its way to becoming the new Senate establishment.

The small-state advantage has also had its effect on presidential politics. The last time a Democratic nominee came from any of the 30 least populated states was 1924, when John Davis was the beneficiary of a ballot tie-up between a New Yorker and a Californian. This year, however, four of the leading contenders, Muskie, Hughes, McGovern, and Jackson, are from small states and only one of the contenders, Kennedy, is from one of the 10 largest states. Humphrey comes from the 18th largest state.

The proliferation of candidates from less-populated areas is not because of a sudden change in the desirability of a large-state candidate—the politics of picking a man with substantial home electoral votes already in his pocket is still preferred. There are fewer potential large-state candidates, however, because many of these states are lacking in senators with enough seniority to have built a national image and constituency. ■

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Muskie: A Sketch from

by Joseph H. Nicholson, Jr.

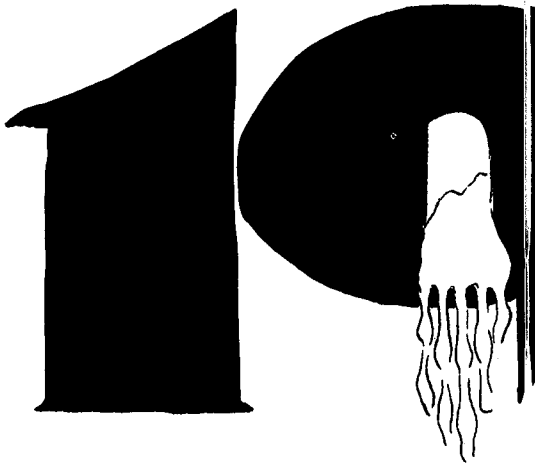
America is now examining Edmund Muskie, our would-be leader. His appeal to us is visceral. He is gentle father, rugged individualist, immigrant's son—a Lincoln, tall and silent, come again to a land divided.

Perhaps this Muskie is merely the creation of our need for a new national belief, but somehow he does not betray the belief as quickly as most politicians. He naturally conveys America's distant heroes without the corniness of Johnson or the phoniness of Nixon. For him the stale cigar smoke that stains other professional politicians has never adhered.

Where Nixon's platitudes provoke derision, Muskie's similar platitudes receive a favorable response. He can get away with telling a Boston audience "if we all once again assume the morality, the dignity, and the clarity of purpose that have been our heritage, together we can lift the spirit of America," a statement that differs from "lift of a driving dream " only in the reaction it provoked. He can commend the American Legion for "a splendid commitment to make right the master of might " and warn graduates at a high-school commencement about "the dangers and pitfalls which surrounds you," such as "relaxed moral standards of personal behavior."

The question is not whether Muskie is real or plastic, but whether his style of leadership is suited to the presidency. I had a chance to work on his staff for several months and observe him from the inside. My assessment is by no means definitive—it is impossible at this point, for instance, to know what Muskie will do about foreign policy issues. He has always shunned a leading role in this area, and as a senator clings to the fields of his expertise—pollution, some housing issues, and potato farming. He has not made up his mind on many other larger questions, either. But the way he makes decisions, and how he reacts under the pressures of his campaign, may be a small indicator of the way he would run the country as President.

Muskie is a counterpuncher, a defensive person who does not like to swing until he has been attacked. Probably it goes back to his first years of school in Rumford, Maine, shortly after World War I ended. There were strong prejudices against Eastern Europeans. His Yankee classmates rid-



Joseph Nicholson is a Congressional Fellow. His first assignment was with Senator Muskie's staff. He now works for Rep. Paul McCloskey.

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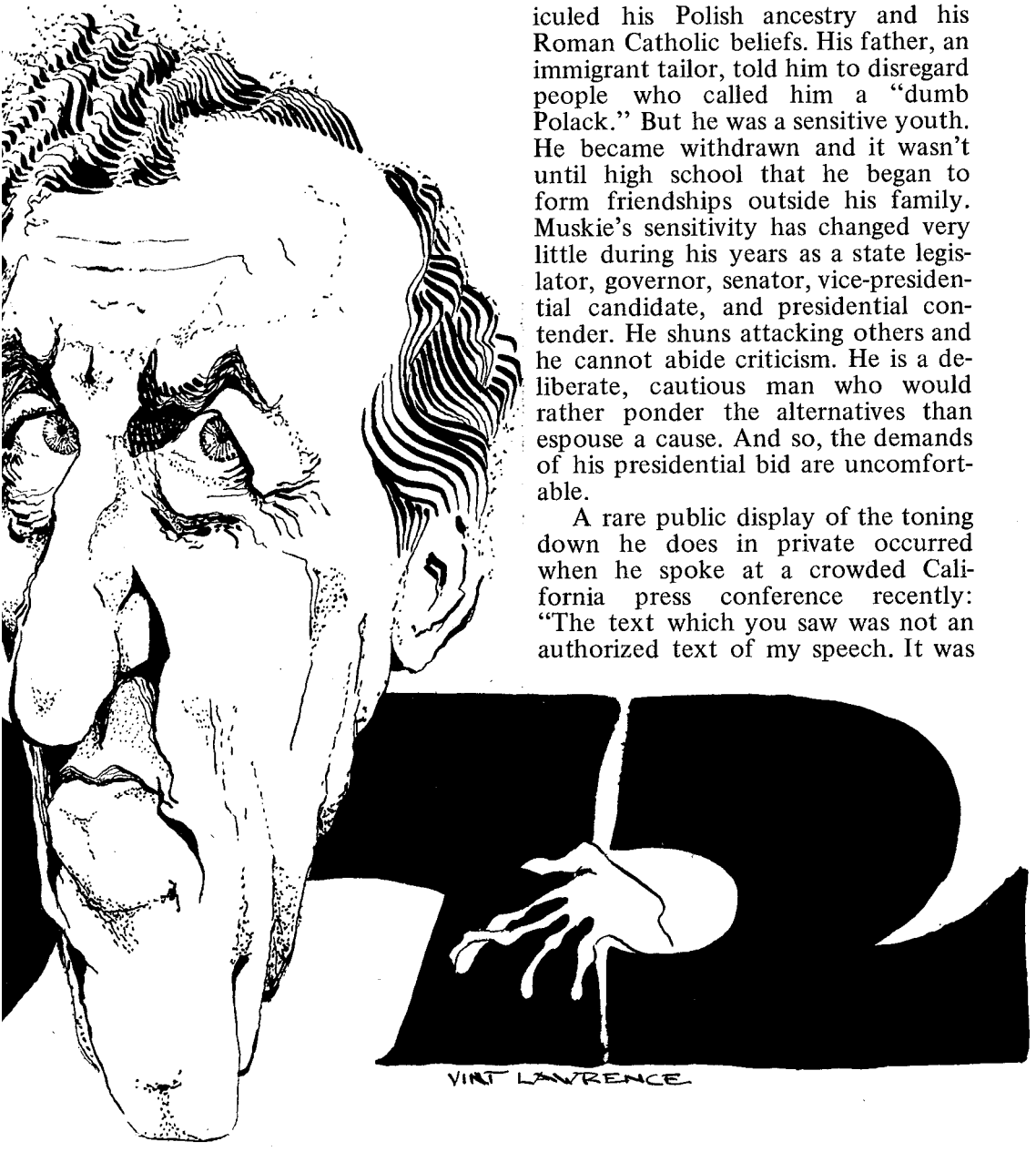
the Inside



iculed his Polish ancestry and his Roman Catholic beliefs. His father, an immigrant tailor, told him to disregard people who called him a "dumb Polack." But he was a sensitive youth. He became withdrawn and it wasn't until high school that he began to form friendships outside his family. Muskie's sensitivity has changed very little during his years as a state legislator, governor, senator, vice-presidential candidate, and presidential contender. He shuns attacking others and he cannot abide criticism. He is a deliberate, cautious man who would rather ponder the alternatives than espouse a cause. And so, the demands of his presidential bid are uncomfortable.

A rare public display of the toning down he does in private occurred when he spoke at a crowded California press conference recently: "The text which you saw was not an authorized text of my speech. It was

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released without my approval. I do not say the President showed 'utter disregard' of Congress in invading Laos. . . I would say he showed 'disregard.' " This rejection of his staff's wording on the Laos invasion is not an isolated occurrence on the Muskie staff, where "immoral war" becomes "tragic war," "view with alarm" becomes "view with concern," and "I oppose" becomes "I question."

"How Dare They?"

Faltering as he can be in advocacy, few can approach Muskie's eloquence under attack. His voice rises in pious rage, his eyes blaze, his jowls quiver, and his finger strikes out against the air. Such angry denunciations of opponents have often preceded his election victories in Maine. When then Senator Frederick G. Payne charged him in the 1958 election campaign with favoring handouts and increased government spending, Muskie accused Payne of "the lowest type of politics." That Muskie, who went on to defeat Payne in his first election to the Senate, could react with genuine outrage to such a mild criticism attests to the boyhood sensitivity he has never overcome. Richard Nixon might have known what to expect last election eve when Muskie spoke on national television to denounce the President for lying about Democrats. He spoke while still livid over the White House's direction of a campaign which placed ads in Maine papers questioning Muskie's attitude toward extremism and violence. "Honorable men have been slandered," the Senator began in righteous indignation. "They imply that Democratic candidates. . . actually favor violence. . . and champion the wrongdoer. That is a lie. And the American people know it is a lie. How dare they. . . ?"

The staff with which Muskie surrounded himself over the years reflected his cautious, competent, but unimaginative way of doing things. Until the presidential campaign forced him to change, the Senator handled all his affairs through his long-time administrative assistant, Donald E. Nicoll. He used Nicoll to shield himself, to hire and fire staff members, and sometimes to settle his disputes with other senators. However, Nicoll insisted on making even the most minute decisions himself, and he wasn't able to handle the staff when it began expanding. After hesitating for more than a year, Muskie demoted Nicoll to research chief, brought in several new advisers, and allowed some of the old staff to be fired.

And none of the new advisers made him more uncomfortable than Daniel Lewis, his chief legislative assistant. Lewis was just the sort of smart upstart, an inquisitive 27-year-old product of Yale Law School, whom Muskie would never have tolerated in years past. Indeed, he wouldn't even have met him because Nicoll wouldn't have let him past the reception room. But Muskie felt that this was the kind of creature that Bobby Kennedy had had and he figured he needed one, too. He needed someone to provide him with the bold, innovative ideas presidential candidates were expected to spout. It was not really his style. So, not surprisingly, Muskie often found himself equivocating or backtracking after he gave one of Dan's strongly worded speeches.

On his first day in the office, Dan walked in with his shoulder-length hair flowing behind him and an armload of imaginative legislative ideas. Shunning the mail which the other legislative assistants spend their time answering, Dan prepared a notebook full of one-page proposals covering all the major national issues and then some. Muskie gasped and told him it would take four senators to do all that. Muskie was befuddled by Dan's pace and the boldness of his proposals. He got Dan to cut his hair, but he had more difficulty coping with his ideas. Dan wrote a floor statement about defoliation and "indiscriminate bombing" in Vietnam. "Is this accurate? Do you mean to say that this has

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been going on?" the Senator asked to Lewis' astonishment. After Muskie spoke in the Senate, GOP Minority Leader Hugh Scott stood up to say he was surprised to hear Muskie talking that way about our military activities in Vietnam.

Mr. Clean

Like his old staff, Muskie's legislative record over 12 years in the Senate can most charitably be described as competent. The record is virtually limited to areas of Muskie's committee assignments, most notably pollution and housing. Critics view Muskie's major legislative achievements as largely Pyrrhic victories, watered-down laws which stand in the way of more substantial measures. The pollution subcommittee, which Muskie has chaired since its creation in 1963, produced the greatest number of his bills, and, more importantly, gave him his first foothold on the public mind. The Senator worked diligently while the subcommittee was still obscure, and he capitalized on his work when ecology developed into the motherhood issue of the 1970s. Muskie became the Senate's Mr. Clean. Few senators dared vote against his bills to make the water and air cleaner. However, Senator Jennings Randolph, whose Public Works Committee encompasses the pollution subcommittee, weakened Muskie's bills in committee. Randolph, a West Virginian who maintains close ties with coal magnates and other major polluters, has regularly co-sponsored Muskie's antipollution bills after the damage was done, which has resulted in Ralph Nader's accusing Muskie of favoring polluters over the public. "Senator Muskie has never seemed inclined toward taking a tough stand against private industry," a Nader task-force report stated. "Muskie, an extremely astute politician who by temperament avoids conflict and unfavorable odds, was influenced by a desire to get the bill through Congress with a minimum of acrimony."

If Muskie has not taken tough stands on his own bills, he has been even more reluctant to take stands on national issues outside his narrow realm of interest. Perhaps this is a valid policy for a senator. But as a presidential candidate, Muskie's old reluctance to say anything has turned into extreme caution about what he does say.

In an attempt to show national leadership, Muskie chartered a plane last year to attend the funeral of a black student killed at Jackson State College by Mississippi police. In the past, the Senator had shunned many opportunities to play such a role, saying, "I'm not going to twist and bend myself out of shape." But he knew he wouldn't be nominated for doing nothing. "I should be more alert in responding to opportunities to show leadership," he acknowledged. So when Charles Evers, mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, appealed to Muskie for an expression of concern by white leaders about the Jackson murders, he responded. The trip drew favorable national press coverage, but it provoked a rare torrent of adverse mail from Mainers who felt that Muskie wasn't "being himself." They may have been right. Muskie's thinking is a product of his 57 years living in and representing a state which is nearly all white. As a natural introvert whose friendships have often revolved around his membership in such organizations as the Knights of Columbus and the American Legion, he has experienced little to help him relate to blacks. And Muskie heeded his constituents' criticism, avoiding further efforts to advance racial justice and retreating behind traditional platitudes about equality for all men. In fact, he even softened during delivery a moderate speech I wrote on civil rights to avoid the words "black," "white," and "integration." It became a mushy thing about brotherhood and working together. The Baton Rouge audience applauded warmly.

Attack followed by retreat were Muskie's tactics again when he made

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public this spring several documents showing that the FBI had conducted surveillance of 40 to 60 demonstrations on Earth Day in 1970. Lewis wrote a strongly worded speech pointing out that the FBI was not authorized under the Constitution to conduct general political surveillance. The mail, however, ran four to one against the attack, and Muskie spent the next several days chastising his top aides for moving him too far left from the Democratic Party's center. On the day following the FBI speech, he received a phone call the staff felt certain was prompted by a vindictive J. Edgar Hoover. It was columnist Robert Novak, inquiring about the Senator's endorsement of the massive peace rally on April 24 sponsored by the National Peace Action Coalition. Hanging up, Muskie turned, shaken and angry, to his chief of staff Berl Bernhard and me: "There are Trotskyites and Communists in that group, he says. And he's going to write a column about my endorsing them. He's smearing me. I've said I don't like these goddam endorsements. . . . I never should have endorsed anything." The syndicated column appeared several days later under the headline "Muskie and the Trotskyites."

Muskie and the Fatigue Freaks

The Senator was visited by 10 constituents from the 1,000 Vietnam veterans who were camping on the Capitol mall to protest the war. He met them, determined not to allow himself to become further identified with the protests, yet knowing he could not afford to have it become known that he had rebuffed the veterans. He shook hands with the determined young men as they filed solemnly into his office, a high-ceilinged room with a collection of plaques, city keys, and miscellaneous mementos which give it the formal, sterile air of a museum. The vets filled the chairs and sat cross-legged on the floor before a large mantlepiece which had sported, until its recent disappearance, a bronze medal engraved with the face of President Lyndon Johnson. The base of the vanished medal contained the inscription "To E. S. M. For his vigilance in Vietnam. Sept. 67 L. B. J." It commemorated Muskie's service on the President's Commission of Election Observers which certified that the election of General Thieu and Air Marshal Ky was an exercise in true democracy.

Seating himself behind his huge oak desk, Muskie spoke nervously between audible gasps of air. I had never seen him so uneasy. And the veterans began with the question he feared: Why couldn't he visit their mall encampment like Kennedy and Hart?

"I can't, it's my goddam schedule, that's my problem," he said, spreading his hands wide to show that he was a helpless victim of his schedule. "I'm meeting with three groups at the same time and I've got to vote," he continued with a pained smile, beseeching them to let him off the hook on this one.

"I'm not threatening. I want you to understand that," began one veteran, in a soft, slow monotone. "But I think you should know that we've been trained to be professional killers. We're not professional killers. But that's what we were trained to be. And there's a lot of guys down there with demolition training. And a lot of them are freaks. . . ."

"Yeah, a lot of freaks," another veteran seconded.

"And if we come here, veterans, guys who fought in this war, and tell you people that it's wrong," the veteran went on, "and if we go away and still nothing happens. . . What I'm saying is that we're going to stop this thing. We'd like to do it with nonviolence. But we'll do it one way or the other. . . ."

During this, Muskie seemed to retreat into himself. His eyes became withdrawn, his mouth tight. He listened intently while the veteran finished. "I know, I know," came the Senator's deepest mumble, the resonant reassurances arriving at measured

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intervals. "Yes, I understand." He spoke of the veterans' many friends in Washington, the tragedy of the war, the need to end it, a dozen euphemisms he had mouthed daily for months.

"Senator, will you come visit us?" a short ex-Marine asked, his high impatient voice charged with emotion. "Tomorrow? At night? Whenever you like? This doesn't mean anything. But when we see you down there that'll mean something to us."

"Well, yes," Muskie gave in quietly if reluctantly. "When should I come? Tomorrow morning? How about 7:30 before I come to work?"

"That would be fine," the short Marine smiled.

John McEvoy, the new administrative assistant, disappeared into his adjoining office while the conversation continued. Reappearing, he slipped Muskie a note advising him that if he waited until the morning for the visit every television crew in Washington would be there to film him with the mob of radical veterans. Looking up, the Senator asked, "Well, when shall I visit you? Shall we go tomorrow? Or do you want to go down there right now?"

The decision was made to go immediately. McEvoy led the veterans out a different way, attempting to bypass a CBS film crew which had arrived in the office. He was furious when he found that the crew had gone into the hall and was filming the Senator's procession down Capitol Hill.

If Muskie is anything, he is a consummate politician, a man skilled in the art of persuasion. He can draw a favorable response from almost any group if he first mixes with them informally, sensing their tenor and concerns. With a handshake, a self-effacing joke, compliments, sometimes platitudes, he can turn a potentially hostile crowd into a favorable one. This is just what he did with a brief speech to the 1,000 veterans and their supporters on the Capitol mall. He complimented, he joked, but mostly he spoke with solemn self-assurance of their right to be there and the justice of their antiwar cause. The scraggly army applauded warmly. One black ex-GI watching him depart observed, "Man, he rapped real good."

A Poor, Honest Fund-Raiser

When Senator Muskie pauses between his endless speeches and strategy huddles, the aspect of the campaign about which he frets the most is fundraising. In recent weeks he has come close to panic as repeated fundraising efforts have failed. The campaign has sunk into debt, and Muskie has been forced to drop about 40 of some 70 staff members who had bustled through the swank office in downtown Washington. There is a bitter feeling among some of the staff that Hubert Humphrey and other rivals for the nomination have sabotaged fundraising efforts with top Democratic fat cats.

The financially desperate situation

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has made Muskie particularly vulnerable to the painful ritual of raising campaign funds, the reluctant selling of bits and pieces of himself by a candidate. Muskie figures he needs at least $8 million before the convention and more than twice as much after it. But his financial backers would be wise not to start viewing him as a potential White House errand boy. His dearth of financial means attests to his scrupulous personal honesty during years of public service. He also dislikes being run by other people. On important questions, he insists on making the final decision himself.

Ironically, the same Ed Muskie who insists on making his own decisions displays incredible naivete at times. On a campaign trip to California in 1968, his aides were surprised to learn the Senator didn't know about Cesar Chavez's grape strike. "Grape strike? You've got to be kidding," Muskie told his startled briefers.

Such things as Muskie's naivete, and, more important, his reluctance to take strong public stands, are reflected most tragically in his record on the Vietnam war. The war has brought forth all of Muskie's weaknesses, his indecision, and his waffling. It has even shown him putting partisan politics above principle.

Muskie once supported the war and is now a dove, but he cannot be blamed for this switch of position any more than the rest of the nation that has changed its mind during the last five years. One can wonder, however, about a man who expressed doubts about the war in two private letters to President Johnson, after which he supported the war in public testimony before the Democratic Party Platform Committee hearings in 1968 and again before the full convention as a speaker for the majority Vietnam plank.

After the party running the war changed in 1968, Muskie finally went public with his criticism. Forgetting an earlier denigration of dissenters, Muskie endorsed the Vietnam Moratorium Day observances in 1969 as a "constructive way to intelligently discuss Vietnam." He decided that the Thieu-Ky regime did not merit support as a democratic government. But he also openly admitted that the change to a Republican administration was part of the reason his views on the war changed. "Parties do have their institutional role with respect to each other. Nixon criticized President Johnson for some of the things he's doing himself," he said. "That's the basis of our party system." It was callous defense of his own partisanship at a time when Americans were losing more than 50,000 of their relatives and friends in a wrongful war.

Breaking the Lance

These glimpses of Muskie do not form the basis for any conclusive assessment of what he would be like as President. Politicians have been known to grow as the roles they filled became more demanding. It is clear, though, that the qualities for which Muskie is known as a senator, and those that he has shown in the campaign thus far, do not fit comfortably with the nation's need for strong leadership. This is somewhat ironic when one considers that the very reasons Muskie became attractive as a candidate—his reticence, his reluctance to be identified too quickly with a specific point of view—may be the basis for the problems he would have as President.

After his switch on Vietnam, the Senator was asked by a newsman why he hasn't been out front and center on the important issues, why he had not broken his lance at any really major cause. Muskie's reaction to this criticism: "It might be one I would make myself. . . it is a question of style, and this is something I have got to answer for myself. I do think that a man who is a candidate for President ought to be willing to assert that kind of leadership, 'the break the lance' kind of leadership. I don't know whether I am adapted to it. We'll take a look at it."

Indeed we will. ■

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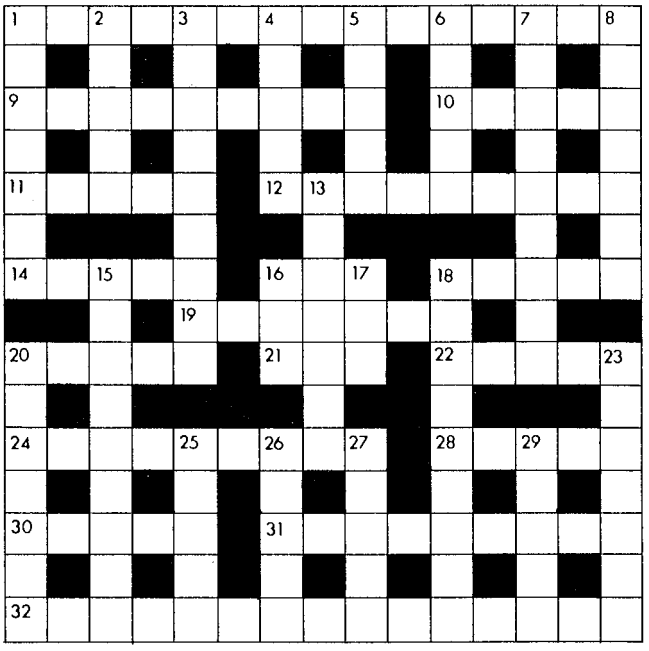
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. Prediction in inviting Wes Hall over, come next week. (2, 5, 8)
9. Task to use police force (6, 3,)
10. Kind of man or air. (5)
11. One bald remark. (2, 3)
12. Look round for riches, pal! (9)
14. Where the French noble is, there is money. (5)
16. It isn't wholly accurate to call his wife unsavory. (3)
18. Wild animal heavily laden. (5)
19. These are potent enough to rile six men. (7)
20. Lots of papers carry smear. (5)
21. No pig hoping for a badge. (3)
22. Annoying activists on Capitol steps. (5)
24. 435 Congressmen do pretty well at poker. (4, 5)
28. Mr. Moore had a girl. (5)
30 She put continent in the sun. (5)
31. First signs of spring? (9)
32. Pledge of allegiance? (4, 2, 2, 5, 2)

Down

1. United follower. (2, 5)
2. Hold off a horse? (5)
3. Stirs things up and shows base trace. (9)
4. Carries out and up a backless chair. (5)
5. In love, Tchaikovsky grew rapidly. (5)
6. Look it up, or down, it's the same. (5)
7. Roots cave keeps us warm. (9)
8. He didn't heed lax rule on not breathing. (7)
13. Substitutes hang around in ripe sox. (7)
15. This ruler was rich slave. (7, 2)
16. Follows Phil to the edge. (3)
17. Type of type. (3)
18. Hope Spanish raze panes. (9)
20. Negative fur sale. (7)
23. Ian leaves antipastos behind at the inn. (5, 2)
25. French king in her life. (5)
26. In the past you set out to do it. (3, 2)
27. They say all men are. (5)
29. With nerve, you won't see Mexico. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 18.

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Introduction by Richard H. Rovere

Contributors include Hugh Sidey, Bill Moyers, David Hapgood, Morton Mintz, Nick Kotz, Russell Baker, James David Barber, James C. Thomson, Jr., James Boyd.

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POLITICAL BOOK NOTES

Public affairs books scheduled for July publication. Publishers who want descriptions of their books included should provide 50-word objective summaries two months in advance.

A Citizen's Guide to Legal Rights. J. Shane Creamer. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $7.95. A handbook for the average citizen on the law and his rights, with a section giving interpretation of legal decisions on more serious crimes.

Conflict and Conscience. Mark O. Hatfield. Word Books, $4.95.

The Court Martial of Lt. Calley. Richard Hammer. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95; paper $3.95.
An eyewitness account of the trial by a *New York Times* writer.

The Great American Motion Sickness. John Burby. Little, Brown, $8.95.

Homosexuals and the Military: A Study of Less than Honorable Discharge. Collin J. Williams and Martin S. Weinberg. Harper & Row, $8.95.

If You Want to Save Your Environment. . . Start at Home. Carrol Harrington, Marie Niemeyer, Joyce Leonard, and Linda Fischman. Hawthorn, $2.50.

McNamara: His Ordeal in the Pentagon. Henry L. Trewhitt. Harper & Row, $7.95.

Men, Ideas and Politics. Peter F. Drucker. Harper & Row, $5.95.

The Politics of City Revenue. Arnold Meltsner. Univ. of California Press, $10.00.
To show how some local officials cope with their revenue headaches, the author investigates how officials acquire financial resources in Oakland, where he sees fiscal resources dwindling while social problems rapidly increase.

The Radical Left and American Foreign Policy. Robert W. Tucker. Johns Hopkins Press, $7.50; paper $2.75.
An examination of the radical critique of American foreign policy, in comparison with conventional theories.

The Responsibles. William S. White. Harper & Row, $7.95.

S.D.S. Alan Adelson. Scribners, $6.95.

The Sick Society: An Economic Examination. Michael Tanzer. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95.

The Time of the Furnaces: A Case Study of Black Student Revolt. Earl Anthony. Dial, $4.95; paper $1.95.

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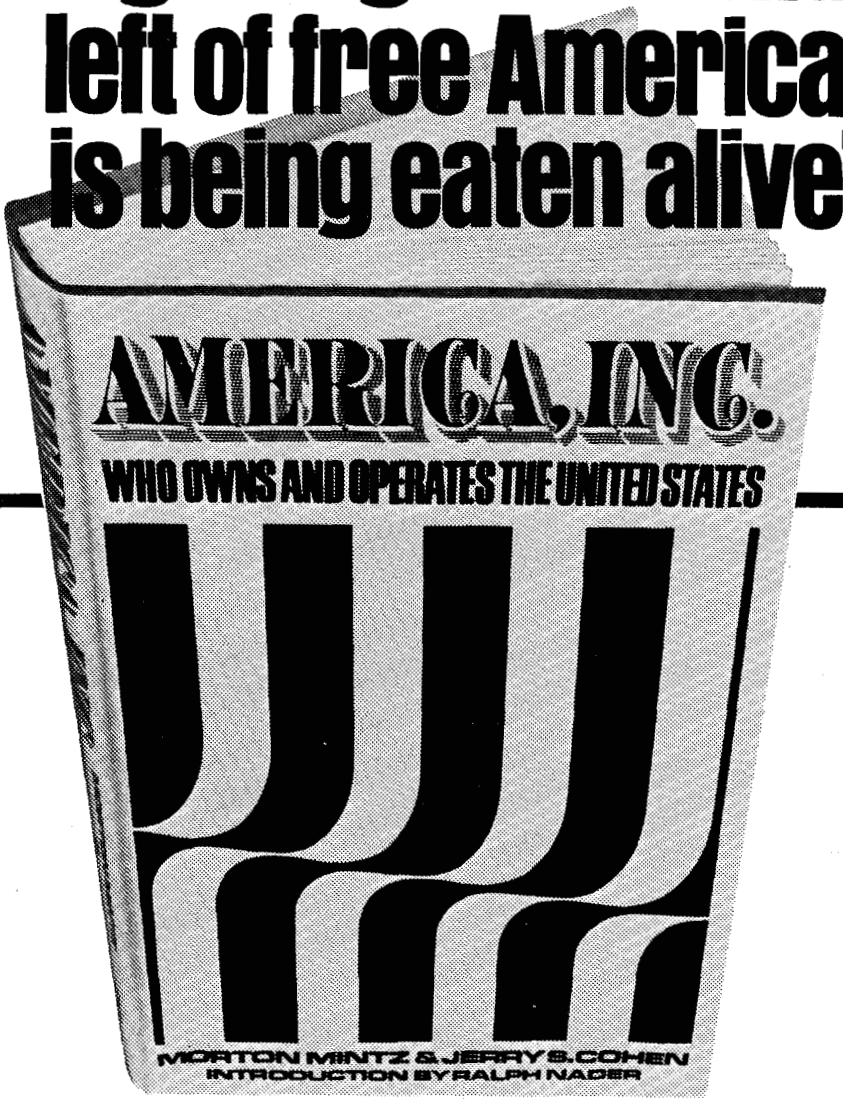
On the front page of the 'New York Times Book Review,' May 30, the author of 'Up the Organization' warns:

"It's getting late...What's left of free America is being eaten alive."



"It's getting late. The time to start is now. In the Consciousness Zero land of the corporate giants, competition where it counts is a myth, and what's left of free America is being eaten alive by a few hundred monster corporations while government agencies serve as chefs, waiters, and busboys. For would-be Naderites with the will to attempt the liberation of the country from its vampire organizations, AMERICA, INC. is the manual and the manifesto to begin with. I wish I'd written it."—**ROBERT C. TOWNSEND**

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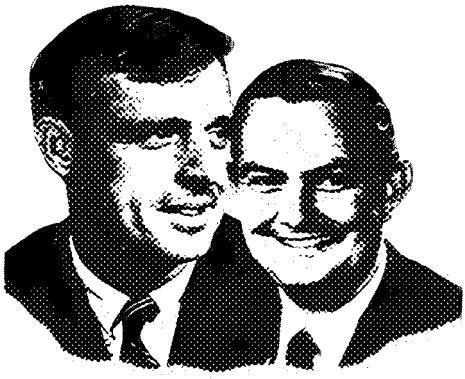

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